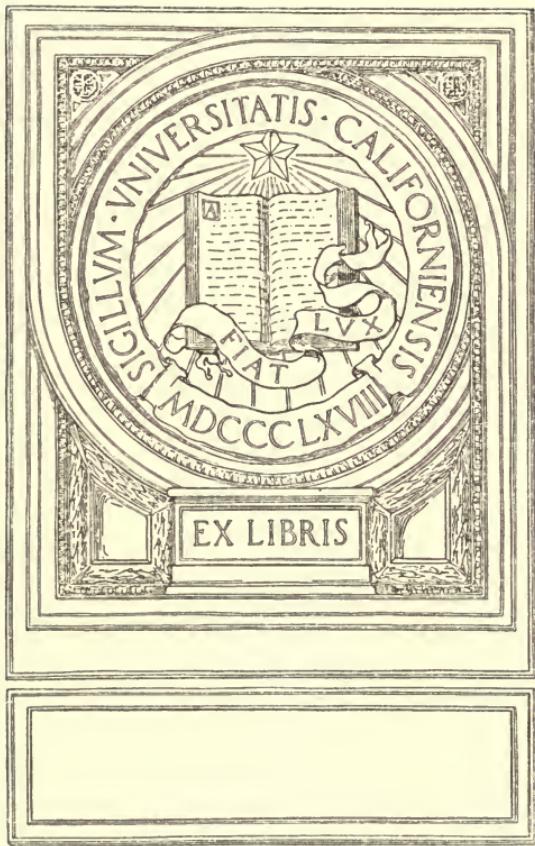


THE RED INDIAN
FAIRY BOOK



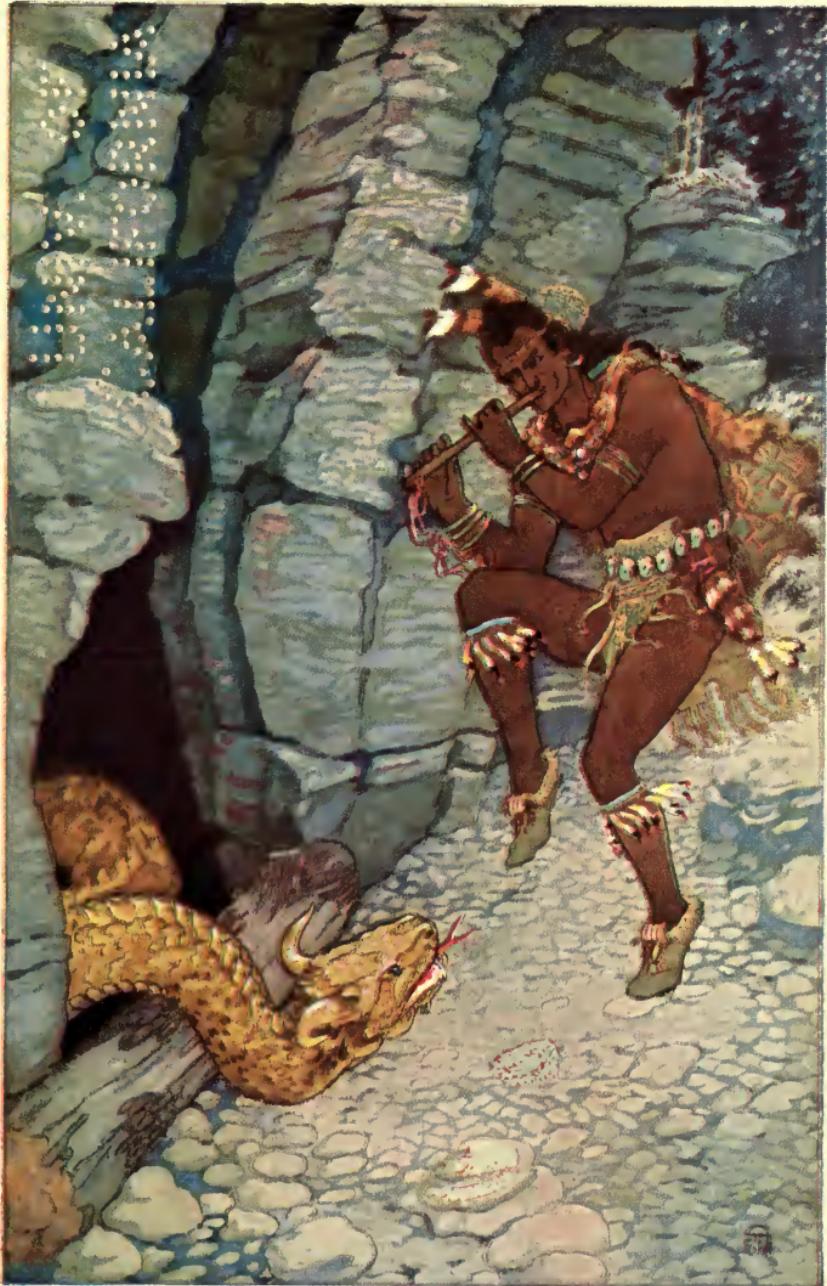
FRANCES JENKINS OLcott





THE RED INDIAN FAIRY BOOK





Page 229

WHEN THE YELLOW HORNED SERPENT HEARD THE
STRANGE MUSIC, HE WAS CHARMED

The Red Indian Fairy Book

For the Children's Own Reading
and for Story-Tellers

By Frances Jenkins Olcott

With Illustrations
By Frederick Richardson



Boston and New York
Houghton Mifflin Company
The Riverside Press Cambridge

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F6038

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Published September 1917

THE JEWELL
ANARCHISTS



TO
ROBERT YATES PHILLIPS
WHO LOVES INDIAN STORIES

915685

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS are due the following authors and publishers for stories or themes taken from their books:—

To The Abingdon Press, for "Why Wild Roses Have Thorns," and "How Maple Sugar Came," from *Algonquin Indian Tales*, collected by Egerton R. Young, copyrighted 1903.

To Mr. W. W. Canfield, for the "Legend of the Violet," and the "Legend of the Trailing Arbutus," from his *Legends of the Iroquois*, published by A. Wessels Company.

To Mr. W. E. Connelley, for "The Singing Maidens," and "The Star Maiden," from a publication of the Geological Survey of Canada, and from his *Wyandot Folk-Lore*, published by Crane and Company.

To the Haskell Institute, for "The Noisy Chipmunk," from *Indian Legends and Superstitions*, published by the Institute.

To Houghton Mifflin Company, for "Little Burnt-Face," "The Summer Fairies," "How the

Hunter Became a Partridge," "How Partridge Built the Birds' Canoes," "The Wind-Blower," "Pitcher the Witch," "The Wishes," "The Mikumwess," "The First Pine Trees," "How Master Rabbit Went Fishing," "The Wood-pecker Girls," and "Bad Wild Cat," from C. G. Leland's *Algonquin Legends of New England*.

To the New York State Museum, for "The Elves," "The Sky Elk," "Legend of the Morning Star," "Ahneah the Rose Flower," "The Silver Brooches," "The Spirit of the Corn," "The Nuts of Jonisgyont," "Jowiis and the Eagles," "The Discontented Rock," and "How the Four Winds were Named," from Mrs. H. M. Converse's *Myths and Legends of the New York State Iroquois*.

To G. P. Putnam's Sons, for "The Ugly Wild Boy," and "The Poor Turkey Girl," from F. H. Cushing's *Zuñi Folk-Tales*.

To Mr. Walter McClintock, for "Scar-Face," "The Star Bride," and "The Hidden Waters," from his *Old North Trail; or, Life, Legends, and Religion of the Blackfeet Indians*, published by The Macmillan Company.

Thanks are also due the following for material drawn from their publications: American Anti-quarian, American Folk-Lore Society, American Museum of Natural History, Bureau of American Ethnology, Geological Survey of Canada, Carnegie Institute of Washington, Field Columbian Museum, Smithsonian Institution, University of California; and also to the Brooklyn Public Library for the use of its valuable folk-lore collection at the Montague Branch.

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INTRODUCTION

HERE are sixty-four stories of the Red Men, telling of Magic, Mystery, and Fairies. Most of them are Nature stories — poetic fancies of the Indians about birds, beasts, flowers, and rocks of our American meadows, prairies, and forests. Here also are tales of the Wind, Rainbow, Sun, Moon, and Stars. A few moral stories, tender and simple, like "Little Burnt-Face," are included. Indian customs, and life in the wigwam and forest, are all here.

The tales are arranged according to the Seasons. There are some for early Spring, when the maple sap mounts, and the arbutus blooms under the snow; for later Spring, when the birds nest, and the wild flowers blow; for Summer, with its heat, storms, fishing, and canoeing; for Autumn, with its corn, nuts, Witch-Night, and harvest feast; for Winter, with its ice, snow, and adventures.

In choosing themes for these stories, a large

body of folklore of many tribes has been gone over. In retelling, all that is coarse, fierce, and irrational has been eliminated as far as possible, and the moral and fanciful elements retained. The plots have been more closely constructed, and retold in the direct manner interesting to children. The character and spirit of the original stories have been carefully preserved, as may be seen by comparing the elemental tales of the Caddo and Vuntakutchin Indians with the more highly developed, poetic ones of the Algonquin or Iroquois tribes.

The reader may be surprised at the absence of the benign "Great Spirit" who figures in many modern Indian tales. But the truth is, he is not to be found in aboriginal Red Indian mythology. To quote from Mr. Leland's *Algonquin Legends*, "I do not believe that the idea of a Great Spirit, in the sense in which it is generally used by Indians, or is attributed to them, was ever known till learned from the whites." The *Second Annual Report* of the Bureau of American Ethnology says, "The 'Great Spirit,' so popularly and poetically known as the god of the Red Man, and the

'Happy Hunting-Ground,' generally reported to be the Indian's idea of a future state, are both of them but their ready conception of the white man's God and Heaven."

Most of these tales have been issued for story-tellers, in the columns of the *Saturday Magazine* of the New York *Evening Post*. So the stories are not only for the children's own reading, but they form a storehouse of Red Indian Nature myths, suitable for story-telling in homes, schools, and libraries. To aid the story-teller, a subject index is appended on page 329.

**APRIL THE MONTH OF SPRING
AND RAINBOWS**



The Red Indian Fairy Book

THE SPRING BEAUTY

(*Chippewa*)

AN old man was sitting in his lodge, by the side of a frozen stream. It was the end of Winter, the air was not so cold, and his fire was nearly out. He was old and alone. His locks were white with age, and he trembled in every joint. Day after

day passed, and he heard nothing but the sound of the storm sweeping before it the new-fallen snow.

One day while his fire was dying, a handsome young man entered the lodge. His cheeks were red, his eyes sparkled. He walked with a quick, light step. His forehead was bound with sweet-grass, and he carried a bunch of fragrant flowers in his hand.

"Ah, my Son," said the old man, "I am happy to see you. Come in. Tell me your adventures, and what strange lands you have seen. I will tell you my wonderful deeds, and what I can perform. You shall do the same, and we will amuse each other."

The old man then drew from a bag a curiously wrought pipe. He filled it with mild tobacco, and handed it to his guest. They each smoked from the pipe, and then began their stories.

"I am Peboan, the Spirit of Winter," said the old man. "I blow my breath, and the streams stand still. The water becomes stiff and hard as clear stone."

"I am Seegwun, the Spirit of Spring," answered

the youth. "I breathe, and flowers spring up in the meadows and woods."

"I shake my locks," said the old man, "and the snow covers the land. The leaves fall from the trees, and my breath blows them away. The birds fly to the distant land, and the animals hide themselves from the cold."

"I shake my ringlets," said the young man, "and the warm showers of soft rain fall upon the Earth. The flowers lift their heads from the ground, and the grass grows thick and green. My voice recalls the birds, and they come flying joyfully from the Southland. The warmth of my breath unbinds the streams, and they sing the songs of Summer. Music fills the groves wherever I walk, and all Nature rejoices."

And while they were thus talking, a wonderful change took place. The Sun began to rise. A gentle warmth stole over the place. Peboan, the Spirit of Winter, became silent. His head drooped, and the snow outside the lodge melted away. Seegwun, the Spirit of Spring, grew more radiant, and rose joyfully to his feet. The Robin and the Bluebird began to sing on the top of the lodge. The stream

murmured past the door, and the fragrance of opening flowers came softly on the breeze.

The lodge faded away, and Peboan sank down and dissolved into tiny streams of water, that vanished under the brown leaves of the forest.

Thus the Spirit of Winter departed, and where he melted away the Indian children gathered the first blossoms, fragrant and delicately pink,—the modest Spring Beauty.

LITTLE DAWN BOY AND THE RAINBOW TRAIL

· (*Navaho*)

WHEN the World first began in Red Indian Land, Little Dawn Boy dwelt in Red Rock House by the side of a deep cañon. And there he lived with his father, his mother, his brothers, his sisters, and a big Medicine Man.

Every morning, when the Sun rose, Little Dawn Boy sat on the edge of the cañon, and looked far across to the other side. He saw in the distance a purple mountain and behind it a high, white cliff like a tower, which hid its head in the clouds.

And every morning he asked the Medicine Man, "Who lives on the top of the white cliff?"

And the Medicine Man answered, "First learn my magic songs, and then I will tell you."

So Little Dawn Boy learned the magic songs, and one day the Medicine Man said:—

"Now that you know the songs, and are big enough, you may visit the Great-Chief-of-All-

Magic, who lives in the House of Evening Light on the top of the white cliff.

"In the house are four rooms and four doors. The first door is guarded by two bolts of bright lightning; the second door is watched by two fierce Bears; the third door, by two red-headed Serpents; and the fourth door, by two angry Rattlesnakes.

"If a visitor goes there who does not know the magic songs, the lightning strikes him, and the animal watchers eat him up. But you know the magic songs so well that you may go safely to the House of Evening Light and ask for good gifts for your people."

"And how," asked Little Dawn Boy, "shall I reach the top of the white cliff?"

"You must take with you presents for the Great-Chief-of-All-Magic," replied the Medicine Man, "and you must strew the Pollen of Dawn on your trail. And when you get to the summit of the purple mountain, if you sing a magic song, you will see how to reach the top of the white cliff."

So Little Dawn Boy rose up and painted himself beautifully, and decked his head with feathers.

He took his bow and arrows, and made ready to start. The Medicine Man gave him two bags. In one were gifts of strings of wampum and sky-blue turquoises, and in the other the golden Pollen of Dawn which the Medicine Man had gathered from the Larkspur flowers.

Little Dawn Boy set out on his way with dew about his feet and Grasshoppers skipping all around him. And as he went, he scattered the golden pollen on his trail.

All that day, and the second, and the third, he travelled, and early on the morning of the fourth day he climbed to the summit of the purple mountain. But still far off and high among the clouds towered the white cliff, and around its top flashed the red lightning.

But Little Dawn Boy was not afraid. He scattered more pollen on his trail, and began to sing his magic song: —

“Oh, Pollen Boy am I!
From Red Rock House I come!
With Pollen of Dawn on my trail!
With beauty before me,
With beauty behind me,
With beauty below me,

With beauty above me,
With beauty all round me,
Over the Rainbow Trail I go!
Hither I wander, thither I wander,
Over the beautiful trail I go!"

And as he finished the song an arch of shimmering light, all rose, violet, blue, and every colour, and delicate as a veil, began to stretch from the summit of the purple mountain to the top of the white cliff. And in a minute Little Dawn Boy saw a bright Rainbow Bridge grow before his eyes.

Singing with delight he hastened over the Rainbow Bridge, and as he ran a wind sprang up and blew a many-coloured mist to the top of the cliff. And it blinded the eyes of the animal watchers at the four doors of the House of Evening Light.

And when Little Dawn Boy reached the house, he went in and the watchers did not see him. As he entered, he passed over a trail of daylight, and sprinkled the golden pollen, while he sang his magic song.

Then the Great-Chief-of-All-Magic looked at him angrily, and called out like thunder: "Who is this stranger who dares to come here unbidden?

Is he one of the people from the Earth? No one has ever ventured to come here before."

And Little Dawn Boy answered and said, "See, I bring you beautiful gifts, and I trust to find many friends in this house." And he opened the gift-bag, and took out the strings of wampum and sky-blue turquoises.

And when the Great-Chief-of-All-Magic saw these, he was well pleased, and looked kindly at Little Dawn Boy, and welcomed him to the House of Evening Light. And he asked him what presents he would like in return.

And Little Dawn Boy answered: "Gifts for my kindred I wish. Give me, I pray, yellow and white and blue corn, green growing plants, fragrant flowers, black clouds and thunderstorms with lightning; also the soft Spring showers and the gentle Summer breezes, with pale mists, and golden Autumn hazes."

And so the Great-Chief-of-All-Magic gave him what he asked for, together with many other presents. He feasted him with good things to eat and drink, and afterward sent him on his way.

And as the boy stepped out of the House of

Evening Light, he began to sing another magic song:—

“Oh, Little Dawn Boy am I!
From the House of Evening Light!
On the Trail of Evening Light!
To Red Rock House I return!
Held fast in my hands are gifts!
With soft rains above me,
With sweet flowers below me,
With white corn behind me,
With green plants before me,
With pale mists all round me,
Over the Rainbow Trail I go!
Hither I wander, thither I wander,
Over the beautiful trail I go!”

And as he sang, the Rainbow, all rose, violet, blue, and every colour, began to span with its bright arch the space from the white cliff to the purple mountain. And over the Rainbow Bridge Little Dawn Boy hastened singing his magic song.

And for three days and three nights he travelled, until early on the fourth day, just as the Sun rose, he reached the edge of the deep cañon, and entered Red Rock House.

And there he saw his people waiting for him. And joyfully they welcomed him, and spread a

magic buckskin for him to sit upon. And he related all his adventures, and gave them the many good gifts that had come from the House of Evening Light.

And ever since that day his people have sung the magic song of Little Dawn Boy:—

“With soft rains above us,
With sweet flowers below us,
With white corn behind us,
With green plants before us,
With pale mists all round us,
Over the Rainbow Trail we go!
Hither we wander, thither we wander,
Over the beautiful trail we go!”

THE MEADOW DANDELION

(*Chippewa*)

WHEN the Earth was very young, says the Chippewa Grandmother, Mudjekeewis the Mighty kept the West Wind for himself and gave the three other winds to his sons. To Wabun he gave the East Wind; to the rollicking Kabibonokka he gave the Northwest Wind. But he made the lazy Shawondasee ruler of the South Wind and of the Southland. And very sad was Shawondasee to leave the cool and pleasant Northland, and, sorrowing, he set out on his way.

"Farewell, Brother," roared the Northwest Wind Kabibonokka. "Many's the time in your hot land you will long for my cooling breath."

But the lazy Shawondasee gave no answer, and slowly making his way to the Southland, built his lodge of branches. There in the flowery tangle of the forest, he sat sleepy and lazy in his lodge. He did not see the bright birds and flowers. He did not feel the fragrant airs, but ever he looked

toward the North, and longed and sighed for its people and cool hills.

And when he sighed in the Springtime, flocks of eager birds flew northward to feast in the grain-fields. In the Summer when he sighed the hot winds rushed to the North to ripen the waiting ears of corn and to fill meadows and woods with flowers. And in the Autumn when he sighed a golden glow drifted northward, and the purple haze of Indian Summer draped the hills.

But Shawondasee, too lazy to follow in the paths of birds and winds, lay in his lodge and sighed with longing.

One Spring, while looking northward, he beheld a slender maiden, standing in a grassy meadow. Her garments were green and waving, and her hair was as yellow as gold.

And each night Shawondasee whispered, "To-morrow I will seek her." And each morning he said, "To-morrow I will win her for my bride." But always on the morrow he looked and sighed and said, "To-morrow I will go." But, sleepy and lazy, he never left his lodge to travel northward.

One morning as he gazed he saw that the maid-

en's hair was no longer yellow, but her head was white like snow. Full of grief, he gave out many short and rapid sighs. Then the air was filled with something soft and silvery like thistledown, and the slender maiden vanished forever.

And Kabibonokka, the Brother Northwest Wind, came rollicking southward. Jolly and brisk was he, and laughing loudly.

"Ho, lazy one!" cried he, as he blew around the lodge of Shawondasee. "It was no maiden that you gazed upon, but a *Meadow Dandelion!*"

LITTLE BURNT-FACE

(*Micmac*)

ONCE upon a time, in a large Indian village on the border of a lake, there lived an old man who was a widower. He had three daughters. The eldest was jealous, cruel, and ugly; the second was vain; but the youngest of all was very gentle and lovely.

Now, when the father was out hunting in the forest, the eldest daughter used to beat the youngest girl, and burn her face with hot coals; yes, and even scar her pretty body. So the people called her "Little Burnt-Face."

When the father came home from hunting he would ask why she was so scarred, and the eldest would answer quickly: "She is a good-for-nothing! She was forbidden to go near the fire, and she disobeyed and fell in." Then the father would scold Little Burnt-Face and she would creep away crying to bed.

By the lake, at the end of the village, there was a beautiful wigwam. And in that wigwam

lived a Great Chief and his sister. The Great Chief was invisible; no one had ever seen him but his sister. He brought her many deer and supplied her with good things to eat from the forest and lake, and with the finest blankets and garments. And when visitors came all they ever saw of the Chief were his moccasins ; for when he took them off they became visible, and his sister hung them up.

Now, one Spring, his sister made known that her brother, the Great Chief, would marry any girl who could see him.

Then all the girls from the village — except Little Burnt-Face and her sisters — and all the girls for miles around hastened to the wigwam, and walked along the shore of the lake with his sister.

And his sister asked the girls, “Do you see my brother?”

And some of them said, “No”; but most of them answered, “Yes.”

Then his sister asked, “Of what is his shoulder-strap made?”

And the girls said, “Of a strip of rawhide.”

"And with what does he draw his sled?" asked his sister.

And they replied, "With a green withe."

Then she knew that they had not seen him at all, and said quietly, "Let us go to the wigwam."

So to the wigwam they went, and when they entered, his sister told them not to take the seat next the door, for that was where her brother sat.

Then they helped his sister to cook the supper, for they were very curious to see the Great Chief eat. When all was ready, the food disappeared, and the brother took off his moccasins, and his sister hung them up. But they never saw the Chief, though many of them stayed all night.

One day Little Burnt-Face's two sisters put on their finest blankets and brightest strings of beads, and plaited their hair beautifully, and slipped embroidered moccasins on their feet. Then they started out to see the Great Chief.

As soon as they were gone, Little Burnt-Face made herself a dress of white birch-bark, and a cap and leggings of the same. She threw off her ragged garments, and dressed herself in her birch-

bark clothes. She put her father's moccasins on her bare feet; and the moccasins were so big that they came up to her knees. Then she, too, started out to visit the beautiful wigwam at the end of the village.

Poor Little Burnt-Face! She was a sorry sight! For her hair was singed off, and her little face was as full of burns and scars as a sieve is full of holes; and she shuffled along in her birch-bark clothes and big moccasins. And as she passed through the village the boys and girls hissed, yelled, and hooted.

And when she reached the lake, her sisters saw her coming, and they tried to shame her, and told her to go home. But the Great Chief's sister received her kindly, and bade her stay, for she saw how sweet and gentle Little Burnt-Face really was.

Then as evening was coming on, the Great Chief's sister took all three girls walking beside the lake, and the sky grew dark, and they knew the Great Chief had come.

And his sister asked the two elder girls, "Do you see my brother?"

And they said, "Yes."

"Of what is his shoulder-strap made?" asked his sister.

"Of a strip of rawhide," they replied.

"And with what does he draw his sled?" asked she.

And they said, "With a green withe."

Then his sister turned to Little Burnt-Face and asked, "Do you see him?"

"I do! I do!" said Little Burnt-Face with awe.
"And he is wonderful!"

"And of what is his sled-string made?" asked his sister gently.

"It is a beautiful Rainbow!" cried Little Burnt-Face.

"But, my sister," said the other, "of what is his bow-string made?"

"His bow-string," replied Little Burnt-Face,
"is the Milky Way!"

Then the Great Chief's sister smiled with delight, and taking Little Burnt-Face by the hand, she said, "You have surely seen him."

She led the little girl to the wigwam, and bathed her with dew until the burns and scars all disap-

peared from her body and face. Her skin became soft and lovely again. Her hair grew long and dark like the Blackbird's wing. Her eyes were like stars. Then his sister brought from her treasures a wedding-garment, and she dressed Little Burnt-Face in it. And she was most beautiful to behold.

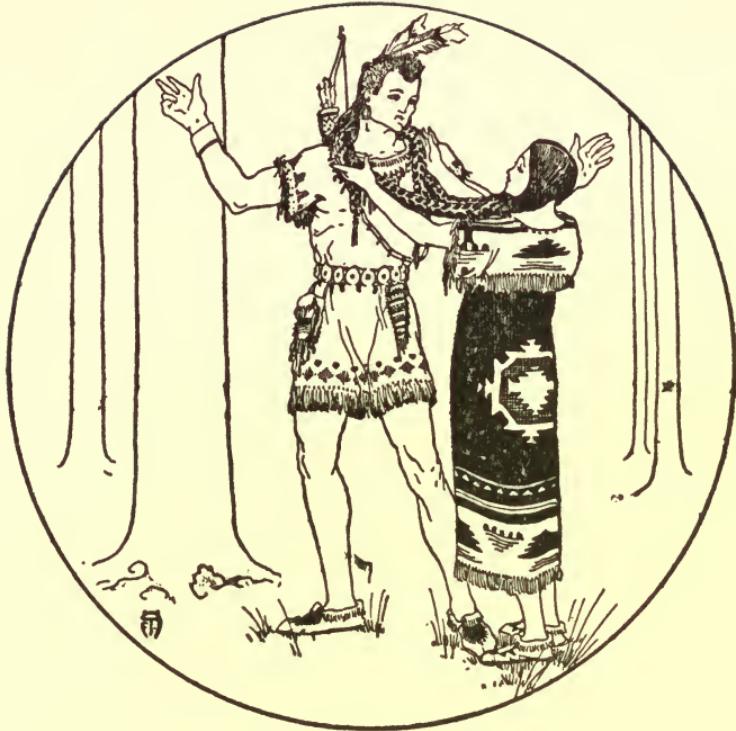
After all this was done, his sister led the little girl to the seat next the door, saying, "This is the Bride's seat," and made her sit down.

And then the Great Chief, no longer invisible, entered, terrible and beautiful. And when he saw Little Burnt-Face, he smiled and said gently, "So we have found each other!"

And she answered, "Yes."

Then Little Burnt-Face was married to the Great Chief, and the wedding-feast lasted for days, and to it came all the people of the village. As for the two bad sisters, they went back to their wigwam in disgrace, weeping with shame.

MAY THE MONTH OF FLOWERS AND BIRDS



THE ELVES

(*Iroquois*)

THE little Elves of Darkness, so says the old Iroquois Grandmother, were wise and mysterious. They dwelt under the Earth, where were deep forests and broad plains. There they kept captive all the evil things that wished to injure human beings,—the venomous snakes, the wicked spiders, and the fearful monsters. Sometimes one of these

evil creatures escaped and rushed upward to the bright, pure air, and spread its poisonous breath over the Upper World. But such happenings were rare, for the Elves of Darkness were faithful and strong, and did not willingly allow the wicked beasts and reptiles to harm human beings and the growing things.

When the night was lighted by the Moon's soft rays, and the woods of the Upper World were sweet with the odour of the Spring flowers, then the Elves of Darkness left the Under World, and creeping from their holes, held a festival in the woods. And under many a tree where the blades of grass had refused to grow, the Little People danced until rings of green sprang up under their feet. And to the festival came the Elves of Light, — among them the Tree-Elves, Flower-Elves, and Fruit-Elves. They too danced and made merry.

But when the moonlight faded away, and day began to break, then the Elves of Darkness scampered back to their holes, and returned once more to the Under World, while the Elves of Light began their daily tasks.

For in the Springtime these Little People of Light hid in sheltered places. They listened to the complaints of the seeds that lay covered in the ground, and they whispered to the Earth until the seeds burst their pods and sent their shoots up to the light. Then the little Elves wandered through the woods bidding all growing things look up to the Sun.

The Tree-Elves tended the trees, unfolding their leaves, and feeding their roots with sap from the Earth. The Flower-Elves unwrapped the baby buds, and tinted the petals of the opening flowers, and played with the Butterflies and Bees.

But the busiest of all were the Fruit-Elves. Their greatest care in the Spring was the Strawberry Plant. When the ground softened from the frost, the Fruit-Elves loosened the soil around each Strawberry root, that its shoots might push through to the light. They shaped the plant's leaves, and turned its blossoms toward the warm rays of the Sun. They trained its runners, and helped the timid fruit to form. They painted the luscious berry, and bade it ripen. And when the first Strawberries blushed on the vines, these

guardian Elves protected them from the evil insects that had escaped from the world of darkness underground.

The old Iroquois Grandmother tells how once, when the fruit first came to earth, the Evil One, Hahgwehdaetgah, stole the Strawberry Plant, and carried it to his gloomy cave, where he hid it away. And there it lay until a tiny sunbeam pierced the damp mould, and finding the little vine, carried it back to its sunny fields. And ever since then the Strawberry Plant has lived and thrived in the fields and woods. But the Fruit-Elves, fearing lest the Evil One should one day steal the vine again, watch day and night over their favourite. And when the Strawberries ripen, the Elves give the juicy, fragrant fruit to the Iroquois children as they gather the Spring flowers in the woods.

WOODPECKER GRAY

(*Wyandot*)

LISTEN to the Wyandot Grandmother:—

Once in an Indian village there was a beautiful girl. She lived all alone in a pretty lodge, and had a little gray Woodpecker for a servant.

Whenever the girl wished to go to the dance, she called, “Woodpecker Gray, come and dress me.”

Then the little bird came hopping over the floor. He plaited her hair, and wound bright strings of beads in it, and helped her to paint her face with colours like the rainbow.

And after the girl was dressed, she put the paint-pots carefully away and locked them up.

Now, the little bird’s feathers were just gray, with a few white spots. And every time he saw his mistress painted so bright and beautiful, he sighed and thought, “How I wish my feathers were red!”

One day, after the girl was gone to the dance, he saw that she had left on the floor a brush dipped

in red paint. "Ah ha!" thought he, "now I will make myself pretty!"

So he picked up the brush, and drew it across each side of his head, just above his ears. And so he got two tiny red stripes, and he wears them to-day, as he flies about in the woods.

THE KIND HAWK

(*Hopi*)

A LONG time ago, in a happy Hopi village, there lived a little boy. His mother loved him so much that she dressed him in a pretty shirt and embroidered moccasins.

One day the boy wandered away from the village, over the plain, and a band of fierce Navaho Indians swooped down and bore him off. They carried him to their camp, where the squaws took his shirt and moccasins away, and gave them to the Chief's son. Then they made the boy work all day, and gave him so little to eat, that, in a few weeks, he grew thin and sick.

Now, near the Navaho camp was a high bluff on which lived a kind-hearted Hawk. It often flew over the camp, and saw the boy working hard, and never playing with the other children. So one day, when all the Navahos were gathered together at the Chief's lodge, the Hawk flew down and hovered over the boy's head.

"Oh, do not kill me!" begged the boy.

"I am not going to hurt you," answered the Hawk, "I am sorry for you. Jump on my back, and hold on to my wings, and I'll carry you away."

The boy jumped on its back, and held on tight, and the bird flew up in the air. It passed over the place where the Navahos were gathered, and when they saw the boy on the back of the Hawk, they were filled with rage and wonder.

The bird flew to the high bluff, and put down the boy, then it went back to the camp. It swooped down on the Chief's little son, and pulling off his embroidered shirt, carried it to the boy. Then the Hawk returned to the camp again, and taking a pair of handsome moccasins off another boy, carried them to the bluff. The Navahos were terribly frightened, and packing up their goods, left the place.

The Hawk first dressed the boy, then fed him on Rabbit-meat, and other good things. After that it took him on its back and flew with him to his mother. Then, without waiting to be thanked, the bird flew away again to its bluff.

THE BOY WHO BECAME A ROBIN

(*Chippewa*)

ONCE upon a time there was an old Indian who had an only son, whose name was Opeechee. The boy had come to the age when every Indian lad makes a fast, in order to secure a Spirit to be his guardian for life.

Now, the old man was very proud, and he wished his son to fast longer than other boys, and to become a greater warrior than all others. So he directed him to prepare with solemn ceremonies for the fast.

After the boy had been in the sweating lodge and bath several times, his father commanded him to lie down upon a clean mat, in a little lodge apart from the rest.

“ My Son,” said he, “ endure your hunger like a man, and at the end of *twelve days*, you shall receive food and a blessing from my hands.”

The boy did carefully all that his father commanded, and lay quietly with his face covered,

awaiting the arrival of his guardian Spirit who was to bring him good or bad dreams.

His father visited him every day, encouraging him to endure with patience the pangs of hunger and thirst. He told him of the honour and renown that would be his if he continued his fast to the end of the twelve days.

To all this the boy replied not, but lay on his mat without a murmur of discontent, until the ninth day, when he said:—

“ My Father, the dreams tell me of evil. May I break my fast now, and at a better time make a new one? ”

“ My Son,” replied the old man, “ you know not what you ask. If you get up now, all your glory will depart. Wait patiently a little longer. You have but three days more to fast, then glory and honour will be yours.”

The boy said nothing more, but, covering himself closer, he lay until the eleventh day, when he spoke again:—

“ My Father,” said he, “ the dreams forebode evil. May I break my fast now, and at a better time make a new one? ”

"My Son," replied the old man again, "you know not what you ask. Wait patiently a little longer. You have but one more day to fast. To-morrow I will myself prepare a meal and bring it to you."

The boy remained silent, beneath his covering, and motionless except for the gentle heaving of his breast.

Early the next morning his father, overjoyed at having gained his end, prepared some food. He took it and hastened to the lodge intending to set it before his son.

On coming to the door of the lodge what was his surprise to hear the boy talking to some one. He lifted the curtain hanging before the doorway, and, looking in, saw his son painting his breast with vermillion. And as the lad laid on the bright colour as far back on his shoulders as he could reach, he was saying to himself:—

"My father has destroyed my fortune as a man. He would not listen to my requests. I shall be happy forever because I was obedient to my parent; but he will suffer. My guardian Spirit has given me a new form, and now I must go!"

At this his father rushed into the lodge, crying:
“ My Son ! my Son ! I pray you leave me not ! ”

But the boy, with the quickness of a bird, flew to the top of the lodge, and perching upon the highest pole, was instantly changed into a most beautiful Robin Redbreast.

He looked down on his father with pity in his eyes, and said :—

“ Do not sorrow, O my Father, I am no longer your boy, but Opeechee the Robin. I shall always be a friend to men, and live near their dwellings. I shall ever be happy and content. Every day will I sing you songs of joy. The mountains and fields yield me food. My pathway is in the bright air.”

Then Opeechee the Robin stretched himself as if delighting in his new wings, and carolling his sweetest song, he flew away to the near-by trees.

LEGEND OF THE VIOLET

(Iroquois)

MANY Moons before the white man came to the land of the Red Indian, there lived a young warrior who was the pride of his tribe; for dangerous deeds had he accomplished for the good of his people. He had slain the Great Heron that destroyed their children, and he had brought back from the Mountain of the Witches the healing roots that cured the plague.

Once when he led a band of warriors against another tribe, he saw in the lodge of one of his enemies a maiden so gentle and lovely that he longed to have her for his wigwam. But because of the strife between the two tribes, he could not buy her with quills of the Wampum Bird.

So after he had returned victorious with his warriors to his own village, he often thought of the maiden, and how, unless he could light his wigwam with the brightness of her eyes, he would no longer lead out his young men to battle.

At last he went forth alone, and hid in the

woods near the village of his enemies. There he watched patiently for the maiden whose eyes had softened his heart.

He sang her praises so often that the little birds took up his song and carried it in their flight, over valley and meadow. The Bear, the Fox, and the Beaver heard him murmur her name in his sleep, and thought that a bright new flower had been born in the woodland.

With the calls of the song-birds, he wooed the maiden from her lodge, and lifting her, bore her away toward the hunting-grounds of his people.

But, alas ! a suitor of the maiden saw her carried swiftly off upon the shoulder of the dreaded warrior. He dared not follow, but fled to the village and gave the alarm. The braves left him — a coward — in the hands of the women, and hastened in pursuit of the maiden and her lover.

They followed them over mountains and plains all through the dark night. And as the morning dawned, they found them in the forest. And when the braves saw the maiden, they were filled with anger, for she had plaited her hair about the neck

of the young man, to show that she was a willing captive and had given him her heart.

Then her people, enraged at their foe for his daring, and at the maiden because she had deserted her tribe, killed them both, and left their bodies lying where they fell.

And from this spot in the forest sprang up the first Blue Violets. And the winds and the birds carried the seeds of the flowers and scattered them over all the Earth. So they did, that in the Springtime youths and maidens might pluck the little blue flower that breathes of constant love.

THE STAR AND THE WATER LILIES

(*Chippewa*)

OH! many, many Moons ago, when the World was young, there was no Winter. It was always beautiful Spring. Then Violets and Roses bloomed all the year round, and the birds sang their sweetest songs night and day.

Then there wandered through the Sky Land, a very bright little Star. It looked down on the Earth, and saw the children laughing and playing, and it wished to live among them and be loved. So it put out wings like a bird's, and flying downward, hovered above the tops of the trees. But it did not know in what form to dwell so that the children would love it.

Taking the shape of a bright maiden, the Star entered the dreams of a young brave, who slept alone in his lodge.

“Young brave,” said the maiden to the dreaming youth, “I am a Star that has left the Sky to live in your land. Lovely are the things of Earth! — its flowers! its birds! its rivers! its lakes! But

more lovely are its children! Ask your wise men in what form I should dwell to be best loved by the children."

Thus spoke the bright maiden, and vanished from the young man's dreams. He awoke, and, stepping from his lodge, saw the shining Star hovering above the trees. And at dawn he sought the wise men of his tribe, and told them his dream.

And when night was come again, and the brave was sleeping alone in his lodge, the Star spread its wings, and in the shape of the maiden, entered once more his dreams. Then he bade it seek a dwelling-place in the tops of giant trees, or in the hearts of the flowers. So would the children love it.

The maiden vanished as before, and becoming the Star again, wandered above the Earth, seeking some form in which to dwell.

At first the Star crept into the heart of the White Rose of the Mountain. But it was so hidden in a lonely spot that the children never saw it.

Then it went to the prairie to live in the blades

of grass. But it feared the trampling hoofs of the Buffalo.

Next it sought the rocky cliff to lie in the moss. But the children could not climb so high.

Then said the Star: "I will live on the surface of the lake, for there, all the warm Summer day, the children paddle their canoes. They will see me reflected in the ripples, and will love me."

So the Star alighted on the lake, and dissolved in beauty.

And when the children rose in the morning, and ran down to the shore, they saw hundreds and hundreds of white Lilies, like Fairy cups, floating on the water. And in the heart of each, the bright Star was dwelling.

Soon the happy children, in their canoes, were darting to and fro, and as they trailed their hands in the water, and gathered the blossoms, they laughingly called to each other: —

"Oh! how we love the Water Lilies!"

JUNE THE BEAUTIFUL MONTH



WHY WILD ROSES HAVE THORNS *(Salteaux)*

LONG, long ago, Wild Roses had no thorns. They grew on bushes the stems of which were smooth and fragrant, and the leaves a delicate green. The sweet-smelling pink blossoms covered the bushes. Oh! they were beautiful to see!

But they made such delicious eating, that the Rabbits and other creatures who loved grass and

herbs, nibbled the pink petals and green leaves, and sometimes ate up the bushes. By and by there were only a few Rose-Bushes left in the whole world.

Well, the Rose-Bushes that were left met together to see what they could do about it, and they decided to go and find Nanahboozhoo, and ask him for help.

Now this Nanahboozhoo was a strange fellow. He had magic power and could make himself as tall as a tree or as small as a Turtle. He could not be drowned or burned or killed, and he had a very bad temper when he was displeased. He was hard to find, for sometimes he was an animal and at other times a man.

But the Rose-Bushes decided to look for him, and they hurried away on the back of a wind that they hired to carry them. And as they went along, they asked every tree and animal they met, "Have you seen Nanaboozhoo?" And all answered, "No."

The Rose-Bushes flew on and on, the wind blowing them along, and by and by they met a little animal that said, "Nanahboozhoo is in a

valley among the mountains, where he is planting and taking care of a flower-garden."

The Rose-Bushes were delighted to hear this, and told the wind to blow them to that valley, and it did. As they drew near the flower-garden, they heard Nanahboozhoo shouting, for he was in a great rage. At this the Rose-Bushes were dreadfully frightened, and hid among some Balsam Trees. But they soon learned why Nanahboozhoo was angry.

Some weeks before he had planted a hedge of Wild Roses around his garden, and when they were covered with spicy pink blossoms, he had gone away for a few days. Just before the Rose-Bushes had arrived and hidden among the Balsams, he had returned to his garden. What was his anger to find that the Rabbits and other creatures had eaten up his hedge of Wild Roses, and trampled down all his flowers.

Now, when the Rose-Bushes knew why Nanahboozhoo was shouting with rage, they left their hiding-place, and a puff of wind blew them straight to Nanahboozhoo's feet. He was surprised to see them, for he thought that all Rose-

Bushes had been eaten up; but before he could say a word, they told him their troubles.

Nanahboozhoo listened, and, after talking things over with the Rose-Bushes, he gave them a lot of small, thornlike prickles to cover their branches and stems close up to the flowers, so that the animals would not be able to eat them. After that Nanahboozhoo sent the Rose-Bushes to their home, on the back of the wind.

And ever since that day all Wild Roses have had many thorns.

HOW THE FAIRIES CAME

(*Algonquin*)

IN the country of the Wabanaki, ten sisters once lived in their father's lodge. Each was more beautiful than any other maiden in the land, and the youngest was the most beautiful of all.

Many handsome braves laid their gifts before the lodge door. So nine of the sisters married and went to live with their mothers-in-law. But the youngest refused all suitors, and stayed in her father's lodge.

One day an old man named Osseo came to woo the youngest. His eyes were bright and his thoughts keen, and he sang softly before her door. And as the maiden was willing, the marriage-feast was held.

The nine sisters came with their handsome husbands, and they laughed and jeered at the bride, because her husband was so old. But she only said: "Wait and see! Soon you shall know who has chosen most wisely."

After the marriage-feast was over, Osseo led

his bride toward his lodge in the distant forest. The nine sisters and their husbands went with them along the path. Presently they passed a hollow log. Then Osseo gave a loud call, and leaving the side of his bride, dashed into the log.

Immediately he came out at the other end, no longer old and wrinkled, but younger and handsomer than the husbands of the nine sisters. He then led the party forward with a step as light as the Reindeer's.

Soon they reached a splendid lodge, and entered it. A delicious feast was spread in wooden dishes, and the sisters and their husbands sat down.

"The food you see before you is magic food," said Osseo; "eat it and receive a gift from the Evening Star, whose lodge this is."

And as they all ate, sweet music like the voices of birds fell from the Sky. The lodge began to rise in the air. Higher it rose through the trees, and as it did so, it changed into a wonderful cage. Its poles became glittering silver wires, and its covering was of the shining wings of blue, green, and yellow insects.

And as the silver cage passed above the tree-tops, the wooden dishes became scarlet shells, and the nine sisters and their husbands were transformed into birds. Some became Bluebirds, others Red-Breasted Robins, still others Golden Orioles, and birds with scarlet wings. Immediately they all began to hop about the cage showing their bright feathers and singing songs sweeter than those sung in the woodland.

As for Osseo's bride, she grew more lovely than ever, so that she shone like a star. Her garments were of shimmering green, and in her hair was a silver feather.

Higher rose the cage, until it reached the home of the Evening Star.

"Welcome, my son," said he to Osseo. "Bring in your lovely bride, but hang the cage of coloured birds at the door. Because the nine sisters laughed at the bride, they must stay outside."

"Be careful that you never open the cage, nor let the ray of light from the little Star dwelling near us, fall upon you. For the ray of light is the little Star's bow and arrow, and if it touches you, your wife and the birds will become enchanted."

So Osseo hung up the cage of coloured birds at the door of the lodge; and he and his wife lived there in happiness. In time a son was born to them, who was brighter than the starlight. And when he grew older, Osseo made for him a little bow and arrows.

One day to please the child who wished to shoot something, Osseo opened the door of the silver cage, and let the coloured birds go free, and they flew singing toward the Earth. The little boy shot an arrow after them, and immediately a ray of light struck Osseo. Then the little boy began to float downward through the Sky. Soon he passed the soft white clouds, and fell gently upon a green island in the middle of a wide blue lake. The coloured birds came swiftly flying to him, with songs of joy.

As for the silver cage, it descended after, its glittering insect wings fluttering from its sides. And in it were Osseo and his wife. As the cage touched the green island, it became a shining lodge, and Osseo and his wife, the little boy, and all the coloured birds, were changed into bright and joyous Fairies.

And ever since that day, on Summer starlit nights, the little Fairies join hands, and dance around. Their shining lodge may still be seen when the Moon's beams light the green island. And by night the Indian fisher-boys, on the blue lake, hear the sweet voices of the Fairy dancers.

THE SUMMER FAIRIES

(*Algonquin*)

IN the long ago, when people lived in the Early Red Morning, the little Fairies of Light played in the forest and meadows. Their Queen was Summer, and wherever they danced the most beautiful flowers sprang up, the reddest berries ripened in the green grass, and the sweetest birds sang in the trees.

Once Glooskap, the mighty Indian, left the Land of Summer and Fairies, and journeyed to the Northland, where all was ice and snow. And there where the coldest winds blew hard he found an ancient wigwam. He entered the wigwam and saw a great Giant sitting.

“Welcome! O’ Glooskap!” said the Giant. “Welcome to my land of cold. My name is Winter. Sit here beside me, and I will tell you many tales of the old time.”

So Glooskap seated himself, and Winter gave him a pipe, and while they both smoked the great

Giant told stories of the old time. As he did so, he wove a magic spell of Frost, and froze Glooskap's tongue so that he could not speak, and bound his limbs so that he could not move.

Winter talked on and froze, and Glooskap fell into a magic slumber. For six months he slept like a toad. Then the charm fled, and he awoke and arose, and, leaving the Land of Winter, began to travel Southward.

At every step the air grew warmer, and the little flowers sprang up in his path, and talked to him. And so he travelled on until at last he came to the Forest where the Fairies of Light were dancing with Summer, their Queen,—Summer, the most beautiful of all the Fairies.

When Glooskap saw her, he caught her up and hid her in his bosom, and then hastened away. All the little Fairies of Light hurried after, but Glooskap cut a moose-hide into a long cord and let it trail behind him. The Fairies of Light pulled at the cord, but as he went Glooskap let it run out, and though the Fairies pulled hard, soon he left them far behind.

Northward he hurried until he came once more

to the land of ice and snow, and to the wigwam of Winter, the Giant.

Winter welcomed him as before, for he hoped to freeze Glooskap again into a magic sleep. But this time Glooskap had Summer hidden in his bosom. This time Glooskap told all the tales of the old time. He told stories of the hot South-land, and wove a magic spell of sunshine. He took Summer, the Queen, from his bosom.

Soon Winter began to thaw, and the water ran down his face. He melted more and more until he melted quite away. The wigwam, too, dissolved into little streams of water.

Then everything awoke. Warm breezes began to blow. The snow vanished and the snow-water ran away to the sea. The little Fairies, guided by the moose-cord, came trooping from the South to find Summer, their Queen. The birds flocked to the North, and everywhere the flowers sprang up.

Then Glooskap, rejoicing, left Summer the Queen and the Fairies of Light to make the North beautiful for the people, and returned once more to his home.

LEELINAU THE FAIRY GIRL

(*Chippewa*)

ONCE on the shore of Lake Superior, there lived a lovely Indian girl, named Leelinau. She was slender and tiny, with soft dark eyes, and little feet. And whenever the Moon rose faint and white while the Sun was setting, she danced in a Pine grove by the shore.

And when she danced thus, her mother called: "Come into the lodge, Leelinau, for the silver Moon is rising. Soon the Little People, the Fairies, will come out to play among the trees. And they carry away dancing maidens." And Leelinau returned sorrowfully to the lodge, for she longed to see the Fairies.

Summer after Summer, on moonlit nights, the Little People joined hands and danced in the Pine grove, and their sweet voices were heard by Leelinau sitting in the lodge. And when the Indians slept, the mischievous Fairies came creeping in, and Leelinau, waking, heard their low laughter in the dark. They rustled about, and hid the

fisher-boy's paddle, plucked the feather from the headdress of the hunter, and carried away nuts and fruit. And in the morning Leelinau saw their tiny footprints in the sand dunes by the lake. And so it happened Summer after Summer.

When the long cold Winter nights came, the mother sat by the fire, and told tales of Fairy-land. How deep in the Earth, all was warm and the flowers bloomed and the birds sang, and the Little People feasted and were happy. And Leelinau's heart was filled with longing to visit Fairy-land. And so it happened Winter after Winter.

Now, on a Summer day, a handsome brave came to woo Leelinau. Her mother dressed her for the marriage. She braided her hair with sweet grasses, and put her best garments upon her, and led her out to the marriage-feast. And the braves and squaws and youths and maidens of the Chippewas, for miles around, came to the feast.

But Leelinau sighed and wept, and begged that she might go alone once more to the Pine grove before she became a bride. Her mother said, "Yes." So at evening time Leelinau wound wild flowers in her hair, and filled her arms with

tassels of the Pine. Then she hastened to the grove.

Darkness fell, and Leelinau did not return. The Moon rose and shed its white beams on the lake, but the maiden did not come. The bridegroom and guests went to search for the bride. They wandered through the grove, and sought up and down the shore, but Leelinau was gone.

And no one saw her go, except one poor fisherlad, who was paddling his canoe near the land. He watched her wandering through the grove, and dancing with a bright Fairy Chief, whose green plumes nodded high above his head. And Leelinau was never seen again on the shore of Lake Superior.

THE SKY ELK

(*Iroquois*)

A MIGHTY hunter was Sosondowah. His form was lithe, his step noiseless, and his hair black like the Crow's wing. His keen eyes saw every track made by wild things, and he knew the songs of birds and the calls of all creatures. He roved through the forest, his bow bent, and his feathered arrow ready for flight, his soft step never stirring a leaf nor breaking a twig.

One day in the hush of the noon hour, he forced his way through a thicket, and entered a glade encircled with trees and fringed with low bushes. And under an Oak, in the centre of the glade, he saw a great Sky Elk that had escaped from the Elk grazing-fields that shine far beyond the path of the Sun. It was turning its watchful eyes from side to side. It was dusky and huge like a shadow, and its spreading antlers brushed back the boughs of the Oak.

And when Sosondowah saw the Sky Elk, his eyes flashed, and he made ready to shoot. But



AS HE WENT UP HE SHOT MANY SIGHING ARROWS

Mr. Miller
Baldwin

first in order to obey the law of the forest,—which commands hunters to warn a beast before shooting so that it may have a chance to escape,—he shook a small sapling, and its rustling leaves bade the Sky Elk flee for its life.

The animal heard the sound, and, lifting its head, snuffed the air. Then with a snort it bounded away. Through the tangled paths of the forest it fled, pursued by Sosondowah's swift arrows. But as the arrows struck the dusky sides of the Elk, they fell blunted and harmless to the ground.

Unwounded, the animal hastened on hour after hour. Along forest paths and through meadow land it sped, up hills and down into valleys it ran, and it leaped streams and ravines. And after it with swift, noiseless feet Sosondowah followed.

The noonday passed, the afternoon waned, the sunset painted the Western Sky, darkness fell, the Moon arose and cast mocking white beams on the land. But ever, like a winged shadow, the Sky Elk silently fled before, and Sosondowah, shooting his feathered arrows, followed after.

And when the Sky showed that day was near, and the Dawn Maid arose and began to paint the

East with the red plumes of light, the Sky Elk quickened its pace. Reaching the edge of the world, it leaped up the rosy-white cloud-hills, and hastened to the Dawn Maid's lodge in the Land of the Early Red Morning.

When Sosondowah saw this, he caught hold of the wing of a Night-Bird that soared with him into the Sky. And as he went up he shot many sighing arrows from his bow. Then the evil Night-Bird suddenly shook Sosondowah from its wing, and he fell toward the Earth.

But the Dawn Maid from her lodge saw him fall, and, stretching out her arms, caught him, and drew him safely into the Land of the Early Red Morning. She placed him at the door of her lodge, and commanded him to watch and guard it forever.

But Sosondowah never saw the Sky Elk again, for it had returned to the Elk grazing-fields that shine far beyond the path of the Sun.

LEGEND OF THE MORNING STAR

(Iroquois)

SOSONDOWAH guarded well the Dawn Maid's lodge, but as the days passed, he began to long to visit the Earth again. He begged the Dawn Maid to let him depart, but she would not.

One morning, when the East was painted with the red plumes of light, he looked down on the Earth, and saw a beautiful maiden standing by a river's brink. And as he looked, tenderness as swift as an arrow quivered in his heart. And after that he could not forget the River-Maiden, for he saw her face each morning in the mists that rose to the Sky.

Once in the Springtime, while the Dawn Maid was sleeping, Sosondowah left her lodge, and entered into the heart of a Bluebird that was dipping its wings in the blue of the Sky. Singing sweetly the bird flew down to the river and the meadows echoed with its song.

The River-Maiden, standing by the river's

brink, saw the bird coming, and heard its sweet song. "It is a Bluebird!" she cried. "The Spring is here! Now the Windflowers will dance on their stems, and the Violets will peep from the leaves, and the berries will ripen in the grass!"

And at her cry the Bluebird came, and sat upon her shoulder, and nestled its head against her cheek. And as she caressed it, the heart of Sosondowah, under the wing of the bird, beat quick with happiness.

But the Sun was near, and he was forced to return to the Dawn Maid's lodge. And as the Bluebird flew upward, its sweet song was wafted down to the river.

When the Summer was come, once again while the Dawn Maid was sleeping, Sosondowah entered into the heart of a Blackbird that was flying through the woodland whistling its song. On the Elm, the Ash, and the Oak it swung in the branches whistling with joy, until there came a faint call from the river.

Swiftly the Bird flew to the river's brink, and there was the River-Maiden standing. "It is a Blackbird!" she whispered. "The Summer is

here! Now the Fruit will ripen in the trees, and the Maize will grow high toward the Sun!"

And she held out her hand, and the Blackbird flew at her call. And as she caressed it the bird lifted its beak close to her lips. "It is I!" Sosondowah plaintively whispered, from the heart of the bird. But she heard him not.

The Sun was near, and he was forced to return to the Dawn Maid's lodge. And as the Blackbird flew upward, its rich, whistling notes were wafted down to the river.

In the Autumn, when the trees shed their bright leaves and the fur of the Elk grows long, Sosondowah crept into the heart of a huge Night Hawk that was searching the waters for its prey. Through the mists of the night, all over the land was heard its harsh cry. Down to the river it flew, uttering piteous calls until it found the River-Maiden sleeping on the river's brink.

"It is she! 'T is my bride!" whispered Sosondowah in the heart of the Hawk. And the bird, swooping down, lifted the River-Maiden on its broad wings, and bore her away to the Sky. And all the waters of Earth heard his harsh cries of triumph wafted down with the dew.

And meanwhile the Dawn Maid awoke and found the lodge empty, and Sosondowah gone. Rising in anger, she painted the East with the red plumes of light.

And soon Sosondowah left the heart of the Hawk, and returned to the lodge bearing his bride in his arms. And when the Dawn Maid saw him, she uttered many reproaches. With her magic arts she touched the River-Maiden, and turned her into a large and bright Star, and placed her forever on Sosondowah's forehead.

And there, each day at dawn, she shines beautiful and bright, and the Pale Face Children call her "The Morning Star."

JULY THE HOT MONTH



THE FIREBIRD

(Whullemooch)

VERY long ago the Indians of Puget Sound had no fire. They had heard of fire but they had never seen it. They ate all their food raw, and on cold days sat shivering and unhappy. And they had no pleasant lodge fire to gather around on wet nights.

It happened one day, while the people were sitting on the grass eating raw meat, that a beautiful

bird suddenly flew above their heads. It had shining feathers, and bright eyes like jewels, and its long, waving tail gave out rays like the Sun. It hovered over the heads of the people, and flew in circles around and around.

"Pretty Bird, what do you want?" said the people.

"I come," replied the bird, "from a beautiful country far away. I am the Firebird, and I bring you the blessing of heat. The rays you see shining about my tail are tongues of flame."

"Oh, pretty Bird," cried the people, "give us the fire, so that we may cook our food and warm ourselves!"

"If you wish the fire," said the bird, "you must earn it. I cannot give it to any one who has done a bad deed or a mean action. To-day let each of you get ready some pitch pine. To-morrow I will return, and then you shall see who will get the fire." So saying, the bird flew away.

The next day it returned. "Have you the pitch pine ready?" asked the bird.

"Yes! yes!" said all the people.

"Very well," said the bird. "Here I go! Catch

me if you can. Whoever puts some pitch pine on my tail shall get the fire to warm himself by, and cook his meals on, and to be a blessing to the Children of Puget Sound forever."

Then away flew the bird close to the ground. And away went all the people running after it, braves and squaws, youths and maidens, boys and girls, and little children. Helter-skelter they ran laughing and shouting. Some tripped on stones, others caught in bushes and scratched themselves on thorns, and others fell into water-holes. By and by some of the people went back angrily to their lodges, but the rest kept up the chase.

But no one could catch the Firebird. When one man tried to grasp its tail, the bird cried out, "You are too selfish, you cannot have the fire." And to another man it cried, "You are a thief," and to still another, "You tell lies."

At last the bird flew toward a lodge. In the door was a poor woman taking care of a sick old man.

"Pretty Bird! Pretty Bird!" called she. "I cannot follow you now. Will you not come here and give me your fire?"

"What good have you done?" asked the bird.

"I have done no good," answered the woman sadly. "I have had no time for that. I must stay here and care for my sick father, and look after my little children."

"Kind woman," said the Firebird, "you do your duty, so you are doing good. Bring some wood and put it on my tail, and take the fire."

The woman hastened joyfully to fetch some wood, and when she laid it on the Firebird's tail, the flames blazed up. Then all the other women of the tribe brought wood and got fire from her, and ever after they were able to cook their meat and warm themselves.

As for the Firebird, it flew away and they never saw it again.

That is how the Indians of Puget Sound say they got fire.

YOUNG-BOY-CHIEF

(*Wichita*)

YOUNG-BOY-CHIEF and his sister dwelt in a grass-lodge on the wide prairie, and with them lived a puppy they called Little Dog. The sister owned a magic double ball and stick, on which she rode very fast whenever she wished to travel over the prairie, while Young-Boy-Chief was a great hunter, and had a bow and four magic arrows. Two of his arrows were red, and the other two, black. He shot so many Deer that he and his sister always had plenty of fresh meat, and Little Dog had all the bones he wanted.

One hot Summer day, the sister went to the creek to fetch water, and she saw a Deer—as she thought—lying on the bank. She hurried back to the lodge and called her brother, but he did not come. She called four times, and then he came from the lodge carrying his bow and arrows. She told him where the Deer was, and he ran down to the creek.

Now, this was no ordinary Deer, but Big-Elk

with magic power. Young-Boy-Chief shot an arrow at the animal, and the arrow was broken in pieces. He shot again and again, until all his arrows were broken in small bits. Then Big-Elk raised himself from the ground, and, rushing at Young-Boy-Chief, tossed him on his antlers, and carried him off across the prairie.

After Big-Elk had carried off Young-Boy-Chief, his sister waited a long time, and her brother did not come. Then she went down to the creek, and saw his broken arrows lying there. She gathered up the pieces, and took them home. She mourned for some days, after which she decided to set out, and search for her brother.

She ground enough corn to last her for a long time, and put it in a bag. She told Little Dog that she was going away, but he must stay at home and get plenty of fresh meat, so that she might have something to eat when she came back. She then filled a gourd with water for Little Dog, and taking her magic double ball and stick, she travelled on them across the prairie, and as she went swiftly along, she wept, and sang: —

“ Brother! Brother!
It was all my fault, for I said it was a Deer!
It was all my fault, for I said it was a Deer!
It was Big-Elk!
It was Big-Elk!”

And she continued her journey, now weeping and now singing.

At length she came to a hill, and on the top of it stood Mountain Lion. At first he would not let her pass, but when she gave him some corn meal, he said: —

“ You are a good girl; so I will tell you this. A short time ago Big-Elk went by carrying Young-Boy-Chief on his antlers. I do not know whether your brother was alive or not. If you will go to the next hill, you will find somebody who may tell you.”

So the girl journeyed on, riding on her magic double ball and stick; now weeping and now singing.

At length she came to another hill, and on the top of it stood Brown Bear. At first he would not let her pass, but when she gave him some corn meal, he said: —

"You are a good girl; so I will tell you this. A short time ago Big-Elk went by with Young-Boy-Chief on his antlers. If you wish to rescue your brother, you must go to Old Bull. He lives in a dug-out on yonder hill. You will see a little child playing before the door. You must take him on your back, and enter the dug-out. Sit down, and give him plenty of corn meal. Tell Old Bull about your brother, and he will help you. The little child is his favourite son."

So the girl went on her way to the other hill, now weeping, and now singing. Soon she reached the dug-out, and saw the child playing before the door. She took him on her back, and entering, sat down by the fireplace. She gave the child plenty of corn meal. Near her sat Old Bull smoking his pipe. So she told him all about her brother, and he said:—

"You are a good girl; so I will help you. It will be hard to kill Big-Elk, but if you will stay until to-morrow morning, I will see what I can do."

The girl was glad when she heard this, and she slept in the dug-out that night. The next

morning she rose, and went with Old Bull to the foot of the hill, and there she hid behind some bushes.

Soon she heard a noise like a fierce storm, and saw streaks of fire in the air. So she knew that Big-Elk was coming. The noise came nearer and nearer, and Big-Elk appeared bounding over the prairie. And the girl could hear her brother's voice singing mournfully: —

“ Sister! Sister!
Big-Elk is carrying me on his antlers!
Big-Elk is carrying me on his antlers!
I am alive!
I am alive!”

Then her brother moaned, as if he was nearly dead, for he had had nothing to eat.

When Old Bull saw Big-Elk coming, he changed himself into a Snowbird holding a tiny magic bow and arrow in his claws. Big-Elk came running past, whistling like the wind, and Old Bull shot his arrow. Immediately Big-Elk fell to the ground dead.

Then Old Bull changed himself back again, as he was before, and hurried to help Young-Boy-

Chief off the antlers. Together they piled wood around Big-Elk's body, and set it on fire, and burned him to ashes; so that he could not come to life again.

When the sister saw this, she came running from behind the bushes, and kissed her brother, and they were happy. They thanked Old Bull. Then they journeyed home over the prairie, the sister riding on her double ball and stick, while Young-Boy-Chief travelled on his magic arrows, for he had found them sticking in his belt, all whole again.

But, alas! when they drew near their grass-lodge, Little Dog did not run out to meet them. The sister called: "Little Dog! Little Dog! Here is my brother!" But Little Dog did not come.

They went into the lodge, and all that they saw of Little Dog was his hair and his bones lying in a pile. And near him was a heap of fresh meat, and the gourd full of water. Little Dog had neither eaten nor drunk, since the sister went away, for he had wished to keep everything for her. So he had starved to death.

Then the sister took his hair and bones, and

threw them into the creek. And out jumped Little Dog alive and well, barking and wagging his tail.

After that Young-Boy-Chief and his sister, with Little Dog, lived happily together in their grass-lodge. And Young-Boy-Chief was a greater hunter than ever before.

THE STAR BRIDE

(Blackfoot)

ONCE in the hot Summer weather, a lovely girl, named Feather Woman, was sleeping among the tall prairie grasses by the side of her lodge. She awoke just as the Morning Star was rising. As she gazed at its brightness, it seemed so beautiful that she loved it with all her heart. She roused her sister, who was sleeping beside her, and said: "Oh, sister, look at the Morning Star! I will never marry anybody except that Star!"

The sister laughed at her, and, getting up, ran into the camp, and told what Feather Woman had said, and the people all mocked and laughed. But Feather Woman paid no heed to their unkind words, but rose each day at dawn, and gazed on the Morning Star.

One morning early, as she went alone to the river, to fetch water for the lodge, she beheld a bright youth standing in the river-path.

"Feather Woman," said he, smiling, "I am Morning Star. I have seen you gazing upward,

and am now come to carry you back with me to my dwelling."

At this Feather Woman trembled greatly. Then Morning Star took from his head a rich yellow plume. He placed it in her right hand, while in her other hand he put a branch of Juniper. And he bade her close her eyes, and she did so.

When she opened her eyes, she was in the Sky Land, standing in front of a shining lodge, and Morning Star was by her side. This was the home of his parents, the Sun and the Moon.

The Sun was away, casting his hottest Summer rays on the parched Earth, but the Moon was at home, and she welcomed Feather Woman kindly. She dressed the girl in a soft robe of buckskin trimmed with Elk-teeth. And when the Sun came back that night, he called Feather Woman his daughter.

So she was married to Morning Star, and they lived happily in the shining lodge. In time they had a little son, whom they named Star-Boy.

One day the Moon gave Feather Woman a root-digger, and told her to go about the Sky Land, and dig up all kinds of roots; but on no

account to touch the Great Turnip that grew near the lodge. For if she did so, unhappiness would come to them all.

So day after day, Feather Woman went out and dug roots. She often saw the Great Turnip, but though she never touched it, her heart was filled with a desire to see what lay beneath it.

One day as she was wandering near the lodge, she was so overcome by curiosity, that she laid Star-Boy on the ground, and taking her root-digger, began to dig around the Great Turnip. But the digger fastened itself in the side of the Turnip, and she could not withdraw it. Just then two large Cranes flew over her head, and she called them to help her. They sang a magic song, and the Great Turnip was uprooted.

Then Feather Woman looked down through the hole where the Turnip had been, and, lo, far below she saw the camp of the Blackfeet, where she had lived. The smoke ascended from the lodges, and she could hear the laughter of the playing children, and the songs of the women at work. The sight filled her with homesickness, and she went back weeping to the shining lodge.

As she entered, Morning Star looked earnestly at her, and said, "Alas! Feather Woman, you have uprooted the Great Turnip!"

The Sun and the Moon, also, were troubled, when they knew she had been disobedient to their wishes; and they said that she must return at once to Earth. So Morning Star took Feather Woman sadly by the hand, and placing little Star-Boy upon her shoulder, led her to the Spider Man who lived in the Sky Land.

Then the Spider Man wove a web through the hole made by the Great Turnip, and let Feather Woman and her child down to the Earth. And her people saw her coming like a falling Star.

She was welcomed by her parents, and they loved little Star-Boy. And though after that Feather Woman always lived with her people, she was not happy; but longed to return to the Sky Land, and see Morning Star. But her longings were in vain, and soon her unhappy life was ended.

SCAR-FACE

(*Blackfoot*)

As for little Star-Boy, soon after his mother died, his grandparents died too, and he was left alone, poor and neglected. And though he was very beautiful of form, his face was disfigured by a long and ugly scar. So the people called him Scar-Face.

As he grew older, the scar showed more plainly, and the people of the camp laughed at him, and mistreated him in every way. But he was brave of heart, and, when he became a man, he was a great hunter.

Now, the Chief of his tribe had a lovely daughter, and every young man who saw her, wished her for his lodge. But she was proud, and would marry no one. Scar-Face, too, loved her, but dared not tell her so, because he was ugly.

But one day he found her by the river, pulling rushes for baskets, and he drew near, and spoke.
“I have no wealth or pemmican. I live by my

bow and spear. Yet I love you. Will you dwell in my lodge and be my wife?"

Then the Chief's daughter laughed, and looked at his scar. "Yes," she said, "I will marry you—but not until you remove that scar from your face!"

Poor Scar-Face was greatly mortified by her unkind words, but his heart was hopeful, and he hastened away from the river. He went to the lodge of an old Medicine Woman, who dwelt far away on the broad green prairie. And he begged her to remove the scar from his face.

"That I may not do," said she, "for it was placed there by the Sun. He only can remove it."

"And how may I reach the abode of the Sun?" asked Scar-Face.

"Take these moccasins and pemmican," said the Old Medicine Woman, "and travel to the Big Sea Water. Sit down on its shore, and wait three days, then shall you learn how to reach the Sun's abode."

So Scar-Face thanked her for her kindness, and taking the pemmican, and putting on the moccasins, he hastened and crossed the trackless prairie.

Day after day he climbed mountains, or passed through wide forests. At last he reached the Big Sea Water. He sat down on the shore, and waited three days, and on the third day, when the Sun was sinking below the distant edge of the Sea, he beheld a shining trail that led to the Sun's abode.

Scar-Face rose up rejoicing, and travelled along the trail, and soon found himself in the Sky Land, standing before the lodge of the Sun. All night he hid himself outside the lodge, and in the morning the Moon came home from wandering through the Sky, and the Sun left the lodge to light the Earth.

When the Sun saw Scar-Face, he did not know that the young man was his grandson. As he perceived that Scar-Face had come from the Earth Country, he was about to slay him with his burning rays. But the Moon pitied the youth, and urged her husband to spare his life.

Then Morning Star came forth from the lodge, and knew his son. He led him inside, and the Moon fed and clothed Scar-Face. And after that he lived happily with his father and grandparents in the shining lodge. And each day he hunted

with Morning Star. But the Sun warned them both not to go near the Big Sea Water, for two monster birds dwelt there, who were waiting to kill Morning Star.

One day when Scar-Face and his father were hunting as usual, they forgot and drew near to the Big Sea Water. Then the two monster birds swooped down, uttering savage cries. They tried to kill Morning Star, but Scar-Face slew them both with his arrows, and so rescued his father.

Then the grateful Sun removed the scar from the young man's face, and placed two raven-plumes in his hair. Morning Star gave him a magic flute, the sweet song of which would win for Scar-Face the love of the Chief's daughter. After that the Sun sent him back to Earth along the trail of the Milky Way.

Scar-Face hastened to the camp of his people. He played on the magic flute; and the Chief's daughter heard its sweet song, and joyfully followed him. He took her with him to the shining lodge of the Sun in the distant Sky Land. And there each morning Scar-Face and Morning Star travel together through the Sky.

AHNEAH THE ROSE FLOWER

(*Iroquois*)

ONCE in a forest there gushed from the hollow of a rock, a wonderful spring known to all Red Men. It possessed mysterious power and was watched over by two Spirits.

From sunrise until noon Ohsweda the Spirit of the Spruce Tree was its guardian. And during those hours, all who drank of its sparkling water were cured of sickness, and filled with a nameless joy.

But when the slanting shadow of the afternoon touched the spring, Ochdoah the Bat swooped down on his leathery wings and brooded over its water. Then the sparkle died out of its tide, and a sluggish poison ran forth from the rock, killing all men and beasts who drank.

Ahneah the Rose Flower, the loveliest of Indian maids, went, one Summer morning, from her lodge to the spring to fetch water in her elmwood bowl. She set the bowl down by the rock, and, sitting in the cool shade of the trees, wove sweet-

smelling grass into baskets. And while she braided the strands, she sang the Firefly song of her people. She was as happy as she was lovely, and forgot the passing hours. She did not see that the slanting shadow of afternoon was nearing the spring. It glinted on the rock just as she finished her weaving.

Then leaning over the spring, she plunged her elmwood bowl into the sparkling water. But something held the bowl fast, and the beautiful face of a youth smiled up at her from the ripples. It smiled and nodded as it floated from side to side. Then it vanished for a moment, only to return, and with its enchanting smile woo the fast-beating heart of the maid.

And while she was gazing entranced, lo, the slanting shadow of afternoon passed over the spring. Then the beautiful face of the youth faded away, and Ochdoah the Bat, who had been hovering in the shadow, swooped down and seized the trembling maid. He bore her swiftly upward, and with fast wing left even the wind behind. Onward he flew, then suddenly descended and plunged into a roaring cataract. And there Ahneah the

Rose Flower was nearly lost in the swirl of the mad torrent. And there she saw near her a face terrible and frowning. And as she turned from it with a shudder, the fierce water cast her up on the shore.

The horrible face appeared again, and led her down beneath the Earth. Into a cavern it led her, glaring with flames, around which danced many Witches. Something pushed her into the circle of dancers, and she fell fainting to the ground.

But suddenly she felt herself breathe new air, and she opened her eyes. And, lo, it was sunrise, and she stood by the spring in the hollow of the rock. And by her side was a young warrior clad for the hunt. He bore in his hand a branch of the Spruce Tree, and on his head were two wings,—one of the Eagle and the other of the Owl.

And as Ahneah gazed on the young warrior, she saw the face of the beautiful youth who had smiled at her from the spring. He took her hand, and told her his story. He was Ohsweda the Spirit of the Spruce Tree, who guarded the spring from sunrise to noon. With his Eagle wing he could fly to the Sun, and with his Owl wing he

wandered through the whole forest in the night. He had seen the evil Ochdoah the Bat hovering in the shadow, as he waited to seize the maid. So Ohsweda had held fast her bowl, and tried to warn her. But all too late, for the slanting shadow of afternoon had passed over the spring, and Ochdoah the Bat, swooping down, had borne away the trembling maid.

Then Ohsweda the Spirit of the Spruce Tree, on his Eagle wing, had followed swiftly after. He had entered the dread cavern beneath the Earth, and snatched Ahneah the Rose Flower from the Fire Dance of the Witches. In his arms he had carried her back to the spring, and at sunrise, with the healing water, had caused her to open her eyes.

All this did Ohsweda the Spirit of the Spruce Tree relate to the maid. Then with a happy heart she filled her elmwood bowl, and sped quickly to her lodge.

But as day by day passed, Ahneah the Rose Flower faded. And one Summer morn, at the vanishing of the dew, her lodge was empty. When her people entered its door, they heard the rustle

and whirr of wings, then a strange silence filled the lodge. And by the side of the couch, where Ahneah the Rose Flower had lain, were two fallen feathers. One was of the Eagle, and the other of the Owl.

AUGUST THE MONTH OF WATER AND
FORESTS



LEGEND OF NIAGARA AND THE GREAT LAKES

(Chippewa)

IN old, old times, on the highest peak of a great mountain dwelt a hunter and his five sparkling daughters. Their lodge was of bright birch bark, and on clear days they could see the distant sea flashing like a silver band.

"Come out! Come out!" cried the youngest

daughter, the little Er.¹ "Come, Su!² Come Mi!³ Come, Hu!⁴ Come, Cla!⁵ Let us away to the sea where the foaming breakers roar!"

So they left their lodge, and leaped, and sang with happy hearts. Their robes were of blue and chrysolite green, and floated on the breeze. Their moccasins were of frozen water-drops, and their wings of painted wind.

And they scampered and romped across the plain, or floated beneath the sky. They rushed past valley and hill and field, singing and shouting with glee. At last they came to a precipice of jagged rocks and moss.

"Alas!" cried Er, "what a fearful leap! But we have come so far, we must go on; or our father will laugh at us! So come, Su! Come, Hu! Come, Mi! Come, Cla! and follow me."

Over the steep they sprang, and floated down on their painted wings. They leaped and they skipped and they sang, like happy-hearted birds. Then little Er cried, "Let us up and down the steep again!"

So up and down, the five maids skipped and

¹ Erie. ² Superior. ³ Michigan. ⁴ Huron. ⁵ St. Clair.

laughed at the sport and foam, and called it Niagara Falls!

And to-day, through the rainbow mist, you may see their robes of blue and chrysolite green, and their painted wings, and their twinkling feet, as the five play in the waterfall.

HOW THE HUNTER BECAME A PARTRIDGE

(*Passamaquoddy*)

ONE day in late autumn a hunter in the Micmac country travelled through the woods, and he heard in the distance the sound of footsteps beating on the ground. He hastened to the spot whence the noise came, and found a man and his wife dancing around a tree. And on the tree, high among the boughs, was a Raccoon. The man and his wife had danced so long that they had worn a trench in the earth; indeed, they were in it up to their waists.

"Why are you dancing in this strange manner?" asked the hunter.

"We are hungry," they answered, "and we are trying to dance the tree down to the ground, so that we may catch the Raccoon."

"If I show you a better way than that," said the hunter, "will you give me the Raccoon's skin?"

"We will give you the skin," answered the others, "if you will catch him for us."

So the hunter took his hatchet, and cut down the tree, and caught the Raccoon. After which he took the skin and went his way.

He had not gone far along the trail before he met a strange man carrying on his head a large Birch wigwam of many rooms. The hunter was astonished and frightened at such a sight. But the stranger stopped, and putting down the wigwam, seated himself on the ground, and invited the hunter to smoke and talk with him.

They smoked and talked together for a while. Then the stranger pointed to the Raccoon's skin in the hunter's belt, and said, "That is a fine skin; where did you get it?"

"I got it from the dancing man and his wife," replied the hunter.

"Sell it to me," said the stranger, "and I will give you my belt in exchange."

"I will not have your belt," said the hunter.

"Sell it to me, and I will give you my bow," said the stranger.

"I will not have your bow," said the hunter.

"Sell it to me, and I will give you my Birch wigwam," said the stranger.

"But I cannot carry your wigwam," replied the hunter.

"Lift it upon your head, and see," said the stranger.

The hunter lifted the wigwam, and placed it on his head, and found it as light as an empty basket. So he gave the stranger the Raccoon's skin, and, carrying the wigwam, went on his way.

And when night came he set the wigwam upon a grassy ridge by the side of a stream, and entering he looked about. Every room was hung with fine blankets and rich furs, and furnished beautifully. The hunter found one room in which was a bed covered with a White Bear's skin. Now this was a magic skin, but the hunter did not know it. As the bed was soft, and he was weary, he lay down and went to sleep.

And when he woke in the morning he saw to his wonder and delight that above him hung all sorts of good things to eat — dried Venison and Ducks, strings of Indian Corn, and baskets of red berries and Maple Sugar.

He stretched out his arms, and gave a spring toward the food, when, lo! the White Bear's skin melted away, for it was only a heap of snow. The wigwam was only a Birch Tree, and the food that hung above were the early buds of the Birch. The hunter's arms grew spreading like wings, his body was covered with feathers, and he flew up to the Birch Tree. And he was no longer the hunter, but Pulowech the Partridge.

And he had been wintering under the snow, as the Partridge does, and was now come forth to greet the beautiful Spring and the Summer.

HOW PARTRIDGE BUILT THE BIRDS' CANOES

(*Passamaquoddy*)

IN ancient days Partridge was the canoe-builder for the other birds. And after he had finished all the canoes, he called the birds together and each got into its bark and paddled off.

Oh, it was a great sight! First of all came the Eagle, in his big shell, paddling with the ends of his wings. Then came the Owl dipping his wings in the water, like the Eagle. Then the Crane, the Bluebird, the Robin, the Blackbird, and the Snipe went sailing proudly after, uttering shrill cries or whistling and singing. And last of all came the tiny Hummingbird in a very small canoe; and for him good Partridge had made a pretty little paddle.

And the Fish-Hawk, who lives on the wing, skimmed over their heads, crying with amazement, as he saw the proud little fleet of canoes put out to sea.

"Why, O Partridge," cried the Fish-Hawk, "have you made no canoe for yourself?"

But Partridge gave no answer, only looked mysterious, and drummed; and the noise of his drumming sounded like an Indian at work on a canoe.

Then the birds sailed back to land, and all cried out, "Why, O Partridge, have you made no canoe for yourself?"

But Partridge shook his head, and said that when he built a canoe for himself, it should be a wonder such as no bird's eye had ever beheld.

This went on for some time, until at last every bird knew that Partridge was making a wonderful canoe for himself.

Now Partridge thought, "If a boat with two ends sails two ways, why, then, a boat, that is round, will sail every way." So he built a canoe like a nest, perfectly round. And when it was finished, he called together all the birds to watch him put out to sea. And as they looked at the round canoe, they all cried out: "What a wonderful boat! We were not wise enough to think of such a thing!"

Then Partridge, swelling with pride, stepped into the canoe, and dipped his paddle. But the boat made no headway at all, only spun around and around. And the harder he worked, dipping his paddle, first on one side and then on the other, the faster spun the canoe.

And when the birds saw what was happening, they fell to laughing, and mocking Partridge. And he left his round canoe, and, flying inland, hid himself for very shame under the low bushes.

And to this day he flies close to the ground, and hides under leaves and bushes. And the noise of his drumming sounds far and near like an Indian making a canoe.

THE NOISY CHIPMUNK

(*Yakima*)

ONCE there was an Indian village, and in it lived a Chipmunk and his grandmother. He was a very noisy little Chipmunk, and his grandmother used to say:—

“My Grandson, when you are out in the woods, you must not make so much noise, or something will find and catch you.”

But he did not mind her, and every morning he went to the woods, and ran about until he found some berries. Then he climbed a tree, and sat on a limb, and while he ate the berries he made all the noise he could.

In the evening his grandmother always told him stories, and once she told him about a Giant who wandered about the woods chasing Chipmunks and other creatures. He had a bag full of red-hot stones, and whenever he caught a small animal he popped it into the bag and cooked it.

“I do not believe that!” said the little Chipmunk, “for I have roamed the woods for two or

three years, and have never heard nor seen the Giant."

"Nevertheless," said his grandmother, "if you make too much noise, the Giant will come and catch you."

Well, one day the little Chipmunk went out as happy and mischievous as ever. He scurried along looking for berries, and then he thought, "I'll go as far as I can, for I wish to see that Giant."

So he went on and on, till he came to a high bluff, and on it he found a quantity of berries. So he sat on the top of the bluff, and while he ate, he tried to make as much noise as he could, for he thought, "Maybe the Giant will hear me and come."

And the Giant did hear him and come; for he lived under the bluff. He heard all the noise that the little Chipmunk made, and he came creeping quietly, but he was not able to reach the Chipmunk, because the bluff was too high.

"Come down, little one," said he, as pleasantly as he could, "and I'll give you a heap of fine berries."

But the little Chipmunk said, "No! If I do, you will catch me and make a fine meal for yourself!" So he stayed up on the bluff.

Well, it got to be evening, and the little Chipmunk was tired of waiting for the Giant to leave, and tried to think of a plan to get away. So he broke off some branches from a bush, and threw them down. The Giant heard them fall, and thought it was the little Chipmunk, and sprang on top of them. But it was not the Chipmunk at all, only branches of bushes, and when he looked up to the top of the bluff, the little scamp was gone!

Then the Giant ran, and he took such long strides that soon he saw the little Chipmunk leaping home as fast as he could. And the Giant ran and ran, and just as the little Chipmunk was about to spring into his grandmother's house, the Giant overtook him and grabbed his back. But the little Chipmunk slipped away, and jumped into the house. So he was safe, and the Giant, grumbling with rage, had to go home without his supper.

That is why Chipmunks have white stripes on their backs—the marks of the Giant's fingers.

THE WIND-BLOWER

(*Micmac*)

FAR in the Northern Land, a great bird once sat on a rock at the edge of the Sky. And whenever he flapped his wings, the stormy wind blew across the sea, and caused the billows to rise, and roll to and fro.

Now, on the shore, not far from the rock, dwelt a man and his wife and two sons. It happened one year the weather was so bad that they could not fish and get food. The wind blew terribly night and day, and the waves were like dancing hills. Then one of the sons walked along the shore to see if the tide had cast up any fish. But there were none.

He wandered on and on, and the farther he went the worse the wind blew. At last he beheld a high and great rock, surrounded by water, and on it sat the Wind Bird himself, flapping his wings.

Then the young man, who was brave, waded out to the rock, and offered to carry the bird to

the mainland where he might rest in the soft sand. The bird was willing, so the young man carried him on his back, stepping from slippery stone to stone, or wading through pools.

At the last rock the young man stumbled and fell, and broke one of the wings of the bird. He laid the hurt creature upon the sand, and set his wing. Then he bade him keep quiet and not move for many days.

So the bird sat still, and a calm fell upon the sea, for there was no wind in all the Northland. The Indians in their canoes glided smoothly over the glassy water, and no breeze blew. No wave rose, and no billow appeared. The Indians caught Fish by the thousand, and gazed through the clear water to the bottom of the sea, and saw the Eels twisting and wriggling about. And the Wind Bird sat still and nursed his broken wing.

But after many days the water slept. Thick slime grew on its surface. The Fish sickened and died. The Indians could eat Fish no longer, and no more could they see the Eels on the bottom of the sea. They had no food and were starving.

Then the young man went to the Wind Bird

and begged him to try his broken wing, and see if it was well. So the bird gave it a little flap, and, lo, a slight ripple passed over the surface of the sleeping water. Then the bird struck his two wings lightly together, and straightway a wind moved over the sea. The slime was blown away. The waves rose and tossed, and the Fish grew well. Then the Indians in their canoes paddled out on the water and caught many Fish. And so they were happy and had plenty to eat.

As for the Wind Bird, they had him for a friend, and he blew smooth or stormy weather, just as he willed.

THE SILVER BROOCHES

(Attributed to the Mohawk)

ONCE in the Iroquois land, there was a blue lake fed with the rich streams from the mountains. The grass grew green and soft on its margin, and the stately reeds stood in its shallows. Water-Lilies floated on its surface, and the birds skimmed over its waves.

Here at sunset each day came Gidanoneh the beautiful Iroquois maid. She walked on the shore and listened to the sweet strains of a mysterious song that arose from the water. Magical strains they were, amazing her with their sweetness. And they filled her sad heart with a strange joy.

For Gidanoneh was sad. Her father was poor, and had promised her to an old man. He was rich and laid before her door many gifts of furs and bright feathers. But his feet were too slow for the hunt, and his spirit too still for war. And Gidanoneh was young, and life lay bright before her; therefore, she dreaded the hard work waiting for her to do in the old man's lodge. So at sun-

set she walked by the lake, and wept with sorrow. Then the sweet strains of the mysterious song arose from the water, and comforted her heart.

And the sweet singer was Gayewas, the Spirit of the Lake and the Guardian of the Mountain Streams. One day, when floating on the water, he had seen the beautiful Gidanoneh, graceful and sad-eyed, walking on the shore. Unseen by her he had approached and softly sung his magic song, which had comforted her heart. So evening after evening at the sunset hour, he had sung to the maid.

The days passed, and the old man came to take Gidanoneh to his lodge. But weeping she hastened to the lake. There on the shore she found lying in her path two beautiful fish. And, lo, around them were sewn rows of shining silver brooches that dazzled her eyes with their light.

Forgetting her sorrow in wonder and delight, she stooped and, gathering the glistening brooches, fastened them upon her faded doeskin dress. Then she built a fire, and was roasting and eating the fish when her father found her.

He stopped in amazement as he looked at the

silver brooches, for he had never seen such rich ones. "Surely," thought he, "an evil Spirit is tempting my daughter!" So in fear and rage he tore the brooches from her dress, and threw them down on the shore. Then he led the weeping maid back to his lodge.

But the fish she had tasted, had given her a thirst for the water of the blue lake, that she could not resist. And heedless of her father's cries, she ran from him, nor stopped until she reached the shore.

Falling upon her knees, she touched her lips to the water, and, as she eagerly drank, strong arms were thrown about her. She was drawn beneath the waves, and carried downward to the shining bottom of the lake. Then she heard a voice, as musical as the running brooks, calling her name. "Fear not, Gidanoneh," said the voice; "fear not, for I am Gayewas, the Spirit of the Lake."

And beside her she saw a warrior clad in glistening silver brooches. He gently led her to a lodge built of scarlet shells, and there she was happy with Gayewas.

As for her father, he wandered the night through

on the shore, calling his daughter. At sunrise the waves parted, and from the water came her voice, and he saw Gidanoneh, and by her side was a handsome glistening warrior.

"My father," she said, "I shall return no more to my land, for I am the bride of Gayewas, the Spirit of the Lake. You will never behold me more. Farewell! Farewell!"

And as she finished speaking, the water slowly closed again, and the sweet strains of the mysterious song were borne to the shore, as the sad father slowly wended his way to his lodge.

SEPTEMBER THE CORN MONTH



HOW INDIAN CORN CAME INTO THE WORLD

(Chippewa)

LONG, long ago, in a beautiful part of this country, there lived an Indian with his wife and children. He was poor and found it hard to provide food enough for his family. But though needy, he was kind and contented, and always gave thanks to the Great Spirit for everything that he received.

His eldest son, Wunzh, was likewise kind and gentle and thankful of heart, and he longed greatly to do something for his people.

The time came that Wunzh reached the age when every Indian boy fasts so that he may see in a vision the Spirit that is to be his guide through life. Wunzh's father built him a little lodge apart, so that the boy might rest there undisturbed during his days of fasting. Then Wunzh withdrew to begin the solemn rite.

On the first day he walked alone in the woods looking at the flowers and plants, and filling his mind with the beautiful images of growing things, so that he might see them in his night-dreams. He saw how the flowers and herbs and berries grew, and he knew that some were good for food, and that others healed wounds and cured sickness. And his heart was filled with even a greater longing to do something for his family and his tribe.

"Truly," thought he, "the Great Spirit made all things. To Him we owe our lives. But could He not make it easier for us to get our food than by hunting and catching fish? I must try to find this out in my vision."

So Wunzh returned to his lodge and fasted and slept. On the third day he became weak and faint. Soon he saw in a vision a young brave coming down from the sky and approaching the lodge. He was clad in rich garments of green and yellow. On his head was a tuft of nodding green plumes, and all his motions were graceful and swaying.

"I am sent to you, O Wunzh," said the Sky stranger, "by that Great Spirit who made all things in Sky and Earth. He has seen your fasting, and knows how you wish to do good to your people, and that you do not seek for strength in war nor for the praise of warriors. I am sent to tell you how you may do good to your kindred. Arise and wrestle with me, for only by overcoming me may you learn the secret."

Wunzh, though he was weak from fasting, felt courage grow in his heart, and he arose and wrestled with the stranger. But soon he became weaker and exhausted, and the stranger, seeing this, smiled gently on him, and said, "My friend, this is enough for once, I will come again tomorrow." And he vanished as suddenly as he had appeared.

The next day the stranger came again, and Wunzh felt himself weaker than before; nevertheless, he rose and wrestled bravely. Then the stranger spoke a second time. "My friend," he said, "have courage. To-morrow will be your last trial." And he disappeared from Wunzh's sight.

On the third day the stranger came as before, and the struggle was renewed. And Wunzh, though fainter in body, grew strong in mind and will, and he determined to win or perish in the attempt. He exerted all his powers, and, lo! in a while, he prevailed, and overcame the stranger.

"O Wunzh, my friend," said the conquered one, "you have wrestled manfully. You have met your trial well. To-morrow I shall come once more, and you must wrestle with me for the last time. You will prevail. Do you then strip off my garments, throw me down, clean the ground of roots and weeds, and bury me in that spot. When you have done so, leave my body in the ground. Come often to the place, and see whether I have come to life.

"But be careful not to let weeds or grass grow

on my grave. If you do all this well, you will soon discover how to benefit your fellow creatures." Having said this, the stranger disappeared.

In the morning Wunzh's father came to him with food. "My Son," he said, "you have fasted long. It is seven days since you have tasted food, and you must not sacrifice your life. The Master of Life does not require that."

"My Father," replied the boy, "wait until the Sun goes down to-morrow. For a certain reason I wish to fast until that hour."

"Very well," said the old man, "I will wait until the time arrives when you feel inclined to eat." And he went away.

The next day, at the usual hour, the Sky stranger came again. And, though Wunzh had fasted seven days, he felt a new power arise within him. He grasped the stranger with super-human strength, and threw him down. He took from him his beautiful garments, and, finding him dead, buried him in the softened earth, and did all else as he had been directed.

He then returned to his father's lodge, and partook sparingly of food. There he abode for

some time. But he never forgot the grave of his friend. Daily he visited it, and pulled up the weeds and grass, and kept the ground soft and moist. Very soon, to his great wonder, he saw the tops of green plumes coming through the ground.

Weeks passed by, the Summer was drawing to a close. One day Wunzh asked his father to follow him. He led him to a distant meadow. There, in the place where the stranger had been buried, stood a tall and graceful Plant, with bright-coloured, silken hair, and crowned by nodding green plumes. Its stalk was covered with waving leaves, and there grew from its sides clusters of milk-filled Ears of Corn, golden and sweet, each ear closely wrapped in its green husks.

"It is my friend!" shouted the boy joyously; "it is Mondawmin, the Indian Corn! We need no longer depend on hunting, so long as this gift is planted and cared for. The Great Spirit has heard my voice and has sent us this food."

Then the whole family feasted on the ears of Corn and thanked the Great Spirit who gave it. And, so say the Chippewa, Indian Corn came into the world.

THE SPIRIT OF THE CORN

(*Iroquois*)

THERE was a time, says the Iroquois Grandmother, when it was not needful to plant the Corn seed nor to hoe the fields, for the Corn sprang up of itself, and filled the broad meadows. Its stalks grew strong and tall, and were covered with leaves like waving banners, and filled with ears of pearly grain wrapped in silken green husks.

In those days Onatah, the Spirit of the Corn, walked upon the earth. The Sun lovingly touched her dusky face with the blush of the morning, and her eyes grew soft as the gleam of the Stars on dark streams. Her night-black hair was spread before the breeze like a wind-driven cloud.

As she walked through the fields, the Corn, the Indian Maize, sprang up of itself from the Earth, and filled the air with its fringed tassels and whispering leaves. With Onatah walked her two sisters, the Spirits of the Squash and the Bean. As they passed by, Squash vines and Bean plants grew from the Corn hills.

One day Onatah wandered away alone in search of early dew. Then the Evil One of the Earth, Hahgwehdaetgah, followed swiftly after. He grasped her by the hair and dragged her beneath the ground down to his gloomy cave. Then, sending out his fire-breathing monsters, he blighted Onatah's grain. And when her sisters, the Spirits of the Squash and the Bean, saw the flame-monsters raging through the fields, they flew far away in terror. As for poor Onatah, she lay a trembling captive in the dark prison-cave of the Evil One. She mourned the blight of her cornfields, and sorrowed over her runaway sisters.

"O warm, bright Sun!" she cried, "if I may walk once more upon the Earth, never again will I leave my Corn!"

And the little birds of the air heard her cry, and, winging their way upward, they carried her vow and gave it to the Sun as he wandered through the blue heavens.

The Sun, who loved Onatah, sent out many searching beams of light. They pierced through the damp ground, and entering the prison-cave, guided her back again to her fields.

And ever after that she watched her fields alone, for no more did her sisters, the Spirits of the Squash and Bean, watch with her. If her fields thirsted, no longer could she seek the early dew. If the flame-monsters burned her Corn, she could not search the Skies for cooling winds. And when the great rains fell and injured her harvest, her voice grew so faint that the friendly Sun could not hear it.

But ever Onatah tenderly watched her fields and the little birds of the air flocked to her service. They followed her through the rows of Corn, and made war on the tiny enemies that gnawed at the roots of the grain.

And at harvest-time the grateful Onatah scattered the first-gathered Corn over her broad lands. And the little birds, fluttering and singing, joyfully partook of the feast spread for them on the meadow-ground.

THE LITTLE CORN-BRINGER

(*Hopi*)

A LONG time ago in an Indian village there was nothing to eat because it did not rain for five years. The first year the Corn grew large, but just as the ears began to ripen, the Frost came and killed them. The next year the ears were just forming, when the Frost came and blighted them. The third year, the Frost killed the stalks before the ears were formed. It was the same the fourth year. The people by this time had eaten all the Corn they had stored away, and some of them moved to another part of the country. But those who remained planted Corn the fifth year, and the Drought withered the plants soon after they came out of the ground.

Then all the people packed up their goods, and moved away; except two little children, a boy and his sister. They stayed in the village, and played together.

Well, the next day after the people had left,

the boy made his sister a tiny bird cut from a Sunflower stalk. While her brother was away hunting, she threw the little bird in the air, and, lo, it became a lovely Hummingbird, shining like a jewel, and flew away. When the boy came back, she told him how the bird had become alive, and he was very much surprised.

The next morning, when the children woke up, the Hummingbird flew in at the door, and crept into a hole in the wall. The boy put his hand into the hole, and the bird was gone! But he found a little Corn ear. The children were very glad, for they were hungry, so they broke the ear in two, and roasted and ate it. Soon the Hummingbird came out of the opening, and flew away again.

The next day it returned, and entered the hole, and the boy put in his hand and found a larger Corn ear, and the Hummingbird came out and flew off. So it happened for three more days; the Hummingbird each time bringing a larger ear. On the fifth day it came back, but did not bring any Corn with it. When the boy put his hand into the hole, he pulled out the little bird, and it

was no longer alive, and was only a piece of Sun-flower stalk!

Well, he took it in his hand, and said, "Little Bird, go and seek our father and mother, and bring us something to eat." But the bird did not move. Then the boy asked his sister how she had made it fly.

"This is the way I did it," said she. And she took the Sunflower-stalk bird in her hand, and throwing it into the air, it became a Hummingbird again, and flew off.

It flew, and it flew, until it came to a Cactus plant on which was a single large red blossom. It pulled up the Cactus, and under its roots was a hole. Down into this the bird hopped, and found itself in a large kiva where grass and green herbs were growing. It passed through an opening into another kiva filled with Corn, white, blue, yellow, and red. There were also in this kiva Robins, Bluebirds, Wrens, Blackbirds, and all other kinds of birds. They were flying about the head of a Magician who sat there. He had put an evil spell upon the Earth so that the Frost and Drought should kill the Corn.

The little Hummingbird lighted on the Magician's arm, and begged him to take his spell off the Earth, and save the hungry children.

Then the Magician was sorry for the children, and promised the bird that he would do what he could. He gave it a large roasting Corn ear, and sent it away. It flew back with the Corn to the village.

The boy found the Corn ear in the hole, and he said: "O little Bird, thank you! Thank you! You have brought us something to eat again, and because of your goodness we are still alive. Go now and feed our parents."

So the little Hummingbird went away, and hunted over the plain for the father and mother. It found them at last, thin and dying of hunger, and brought them large roasting ears from the kiva.

Meanwhile the Magician took the evil spell off the Earth, and the warm rain began to fall. The Corn seeds sprouted in the fields, and pushed their green blades above the ground. Soon they became tall and stately plants, with leaves rustling in the wind. From their sides grew many large ears of Corn with their green silken tassels.

Then the father and mother, seeing the rain, came back to the village. But the little Hummingbird flew away and was never seen again. As for the boy and girl, they grew up, and were great Chiefs of their tribe; and they were never hungry again.

OCTOBER THE MONTH OF NUTS AND
WITCHES





THE NUTS OF JONISGYONT

(Iroquois)

LISTEN to the Iroquois Grandmother. This is a tale of Jonisgyont, the little Squirrel, and how he got wings.

In the Moon of the Falling Nuts, when the forest flames with crimson and gold, and the birds preen their wings to fly to the South, Jonisgyont ran chattering up and down the trees gathering brown nuts for his Winter food.

Day after day he gathered the nuts, and carried them to a Pine Wood, where he hid them in a hollow Pine Tree. And when he saw that his storehouse was full, he gave little barks of delight, and went leaping from branch to branch. Then he hurried away to the nut trees to play and frisk in the fallen leaves.

Poor little Jonisgyont! When he came back to the Pine Woods, he found his storehouse empty, for all his nuts were gone! Up and down the tree he ran, stamping his tiny feet and scolding as he peeped into every small hole, but he could not find his nuts. Then he called to his neighbours, the forest Woodchuck and the green Bullfrog.

The Woodchuck came creeping out of his burrow, at the foot of the rock near the Pine, and sat up by his door. And the Frog came jumping from the swamp down by the river.

“Poor Jonisgyont!” cried the Woodchuck, stroking his grizzly whiskers. “Who has been stealing all your nuts? Surely he is a rascal and should be well punished!”

“I wonder who has done this!” croaked the Frog, puffing out his sides. “He is very cruel to

take all your hard-earned food!" And tears dropped from the Frog's bulging eyes.

But little Jonisgyont listened in silence, for he knew too well that they were his only neighbours who liked nuts.

Now, while the Woodchuck and the Frog were talking, and trying with indignant words to comfort Jonisgyont, Nukdago, the Chief of All Squirrels, passed that way, and heard what they said.

"Something is wrong here," he thought to himself, "and I must see that Jonisgyont does not lose all his Winter food."

Then Nukdago, the Chief, ran back to the Council House beneath the great forest Oak.

And when midnight was come, and the Moon shone bright, Nukdago returned to the Pine Tree and stood in its shadows. Soon the Woodchuck came softly from his burrow, and began to dig in the ground near the tree. And he dug so fast and furiously, that the dirt flew out behind him like a black cloud.

"This is very strange," thought Nukdago, "for Woodchuck finished digging his burrow many Moons ago."

Deeper and deeper the Woodchuck dug, until he had made a large hole. Then he disappeared into his burrow. Soon he returned with his cheeks puffed out, like a bag full of wind. And as he came creeping along, he looked behind him as if he feared some one might see him. Then one by one he dropped fat Hickory nuts from his cheeks into the hole he had dug.

And all night long he carried nuts from the burrow to the hole. And when the Sun began to shine, the wily one covered the hole with grass.

"Too many nuts, too far from the nut trees, for lazy Woodchuck to gather!" thought Nukdago, the Chief. "I will return again to-night and watch." And he ran back to the Council House, beneath the great Oak.

So when midnight was come again, Nukdago returned, and hid in the shadows under the Pine Tree. Soon the Moon appeared, and the green Bullfrog came jumping from the swamp down by the river. He hid behind a moss-grown stone near the tree, and his bright eyes blinked with cunning as if he feared some one might see him. Then he came hopping slowly from behind the

stone, with his throat puffed out like a bag full of wind.

He hopped to the swamp, and dropped two Hickory nuts out of his throat, and pushed them under the moss. And all night long he carried nuts from the stone to the swamp.

"Too many nuts, too far from the nut trees, for lazy Bullfrog to gather!" thought Nukdago. "Tomorrow I must see justice done!" And he ran back to the Council House beneath the great Oak.

And when the morning was come the wise Nukdago called together all the Big Chiefs of the forest animals. And when they were seated around the Council Fire, Nukdago sent Jonisgyont to summon the Woodchuck and the Frog.

But soon the little Squirrel came back without them, for the Frog had jumped under the moss-grown stone, and the Woodchuck had hidden in his burrow.

Then the wise Nukdago hastened to the Pine Tree, and told some of his strongest animals to catch the thieves. Soon they dragged the trem-

bling Frog and the shamefaced Woodchuck from their hiding-places. Nukdago then led them to the Council House, and placed them before the Big Chiefs. And the Woodchuck sat there stroking his grizzly whiskers, while the Frog puffed out his sides with rage.

Then said Nukdago to the Big Chiefs: "See these two bad ones? They are thieves! They have robbed little Jonisgyont of all his Winter store." And Nukdago told what he had seen.

The Big Chiefs, when they heard this, sent messengers to the Pine Tree, and they found the nuts just as Nukdago had said. Then they made Nukdago the judge, to punish the thieves.

So the wise Nukdago said to the Frog: "You belong to a tribe that has always been able to get its food without work. You sit in the Sun, and stick out your long lapping tongue, and catch the Flies and Bugs that pass by your door. But poor little Jonisgyont must work hard and long to gather his food for Winter. You sleep all through the cold Moons, and need no food then. But little Jonisgyont stays awake, and must have food to eat so that he may keep alive.

"You have not only stolen, but you have been selfish. Your punishment shall be to lose most of your teeth, so that you can never eat nuts again. Go back, now, to your swamp in disgrace."

And as the Frog hopped from the Council House, one by one most of his teeth fell from his mouth.

"And as for you, Woodchuck," said Nukdago, "you shall not lose your teeth, but your punishment shall be a just one. You, too, sleep through the Winter, and need no food then. In Summertime Sweet Clover, rich grains, and berries grow for you; and birds and fish are your food.

"You shall not be deprived of green-growing things, but no longer shall you be able to eat birds and fish. Go back, now, in disgrace to your burrow, and stay there until Spring paints your shadow on the snow."

And as the Woodchuck left the Council House in shame, he lost his appetite for birds and fish.

Then the wise Nukdago, turning to Jonisgyont, said, "Little Squirrel, if you had been more watchful, and if you had not run away to play in

the fallen leaves, you might have guarded your storehouse.

"Yet I will help you. From now on your eyes shall be bigger and rounder, so that you may see on all sides of you. Webby wings shall grow on your legs, so that you may fly from tree to tree, and reach your storehouse quickly, when thieves are near. But I warn you to hide from the Sun, and work in the shadows."

And as the happy little Jonisgyont left the Council House, his eyes became bigger and rounder, and webbed skin grew on each of his sides from leg to leg, to serve as wings when he spread out his feet and tail.

And as the little one flew from tree to tree he gave many shrill cries of joy, until he reached his storehouse, and there he found all his nuts again.

And ever since then Flying Squirrels have lived in the woods, and Frogs have had only a few teeth, while Woodchucks have lost their appetites for birds and fish.

And when an Iroquois child loses his first tooth, he carries it to a swamp, where Bull-

frogs are croaking, and he throws it away and calls :—

“ Froggy ! Froggy ! my tooth is there!
Give me another as strong as a Bear ! ”

And when the Sun paints the forest Wood-chuck's shadow on the snow, the Indian boys say, “The Spring is near! ”

LITTLE OWL BOY

(*Arapaho*)

LONG ago, out on the wide prairie, there was an Indian camp, and on the edge of the camp was a tepee, in which lived a brave with his wife and only boy. Now the boy was saucy and bad, and used to shout at his mother and refuse to gather wood and carry water from the spring. His mother scolded and entreated, but all to no purpose, for the boy was saucier than before.

One night, when every one in the camp was asleep, the bad boy began to shout, "Hi! Hi! Ho! Ho!"

"If you do not stop that," said his mother, "I will throw you out to Big Owl Owner-of-Bag, who hunts all night for naughty boys." But the boy only yelled louder.

"All right!" said his mother. "Big Owl, here is this foolish boy!" And with that she picked him up, and threw him out of the tepee into the dark, and pulled down the curtain before the door.

And who should be standing outside but Big

Owl, with his bag wide open, and the boy's mother did not know it! The boy gave one yell, and fell into the bag; and then Big Owl quickly gave him a lump of roast tongue to keep him quiet. And shutting the mouth of the bag, Big Owl put the boy on his back, and flew away.

Well, the mother listened and listened, and when she could not hear the boy cry any more, she said to her husband, who was lying upon the bed: "You never try to make him stop, though he wakes every one in the camp. For my part I have done just right. This will teach him a good lesson." Then she went to bed, but she could not sleep, nor get the boy out of her mind.

When daylight came, she hurried out, but did not see him anywhere. Then she hastened through the camp, from tepee to tepee, asking, "Have you seen my boy?" And when all the people said, "No," she went home weeping.

Days and weeks passed by, and the boy did not come back, so his mother grieved very much. At last she decided that she would go and search for him the world over. But before she started, she sat down in her tepee, and made some magic

garments. Day after day she worked, stopping only to bring in loads of firewood and cook the meals.

First she made two pairs of embroidered moccasins, trimmed beautifully with Porcupine quills. Then she cut out and made a pair of woman's leggings. After that she sewed a shirt ornamented with scalp locks; a Buffalo robe with coloured fringe; another robe with pictures of Eagles in each corner; and a shadow robe beautiful to behold. And all these were likewise decorated with Porcupine quills dyed blue, green, and yellow.

When all were ready, she wrapped them in a bundle, and said to her husband, "Farewell, I am going to find my dear child."

So she started off at a steady gait, and went on and on, over prairie and through ravine, sorrowful and lonely. All at once she heard a voice behind her, but could see no one.

"Where are you going, Woman?" asked the voice.

"I am searching for my dear child," she replied.

"Just keep on and follow the way your heart

bids you go," said the voice, "and you will find your child."

So the woman, full of courage, hastened on until evening, when she came in sight of a great river, on the other side of which were high cliffs. When she reached the river, she saw a tepee standing by itself upon the bank. Then a boy, having wings like an Owl's, came running out of the tepee.

When he saw the woman, he shouted: "Hi! Hi! Ho! Ho! I am Little Owl Boy, and there comes my mother! Come in quickly, Mother, before Big Owl Owner-of-Bag gets home. He has gone after Buffalo meat."

The mother, her heart singing with joy, entered and sat down. She looked around, and saw that the tepee was only a big tree, with grapevines hanging down from its branches.

"Dear Mother, I know what you have come for," said the boy. "But you will have a hard time getting me away, for Big Owl is very fierce, and he may kill you. Lie down here under this robe, so that he cannot see you when he comes."

Just then Big Owl began to cry from the dis-

tance: "Little Owl Boy! Little Owl Boy! Hoot! Hoot!" for he was returning with some Buffalo meat.

"Quick, Mother, get under this robe," cried the boy. "Don't you hear him coming?"

So the woman, with her bundle, crept under the robe, and the boy covered her over, and spread out his nicely peeled arrow-sticks on top.

Then Big Owl Owner-of-Bag flew in. "Hoot! Hoot! my Grandchild," said he. "I think your mother must be here, for I smell her footprints."

"What if she is and what if she is n't?" said the boy.

"I want you to take my bag," said Big Owl, "and go to the ravine and kill a Buffalo for me. Open the bag, and he will walk right in," said Big Owl.

"Very well," said the boy; "but see that you do not touch my arrow-sticks while I am gone. If you do, I will kill you."

Then he flew away to the ravine, and shot a nice fat Buffalo, after which he opened the bag, and the animal walked right in. He put the bag on his shoulder, and carried it home to Big Owl.

"Hoot! Hoot! my Grandchild," said Big Owl again. "I do think your mother must surely be here, for I smell her body."

"What if she is and what if she is n't?" said the boy.

"Well, this time I want you to take my bag," said Big Owl, "and bring home five Buffalo."

"Very well," said the boy, "but see that you surely do not touch my arrow-sticks, or I will kill you."

And with that he flew away to the ravine, and shot five nice fat Buffalo, and brought them home in the bag.

"Hoot! Hoot! my Grandchild," said Big Owl. "I know that your mother is here, for I smell her robes."

"What if she is and what if she is n't?" said the boy.

"Take the bag," said Big Owl, "and bring home ten Buffalo."

"Very well," said the boy, "but see that you do not even move an arrow-stick, or I will kill you."

And he flew away to the ravine, and shot ten

nice fat Buffalo. This time, however, he did not let them walk into the bag, but left them lying on the ground, and flew back to the tepee.

"Hoot! Hoot! my Grandchild," said Big Owl; "where are the Buffalo?"

"I left them in the ravine," said the boy, "and I want you to take the bag, and fetch them home before it is too late."

So Big Owl took the bag and flew hooting away.

As soon as he was gone, the woman crept from under the robe. Then she untied her bundle, and took out the two pairs of moccasins. She laid one pair inside the tepee, and the other before the entrance. After which, taking the boy by the hand, she stepped on the first pair, then on the second, and began running away as fast as she could, the boy running too. When she reached the first hill, she took the leggings from her bundle, and laid them on the ground; and she and the boy both ran on.

By this time, Big Owl returned with the Buffalo, and, sitting on the top of the tepee, called, "Little Owl Boy! Little Owl Boy! Hoot! Hoot!" But no one answered.

So he flew down and looked into the tepee, and saw that the boy's mother had carried him off. "There is a pair of magic moccasins, and here is another!" he cried. "Hoot! Hoot! the boy and his mother cannot get away from me!"

But before he left the tepee he was forced to walk around the moccasins and count every Porcupine quill. After he had finished, he had to do the same to the moccasins at the entrance. Then, crying, "Hoot! Hoot!" he started off at full speed, although he felt a little dizzy.

When he came to the first hill, he saw the leggings lying there, and was forced to stop and walk round and round them and count all the Porcupine quills. Then, crying, "Hoot! Hoot!" he started off again, although he felt very dizzy.

Well, the boy and his mother saw him coming, so she opened her bundle, and took out the shirt ornamented with scalp locks, and laid it on the ground. After which they both ran on.

When Big Owl reached the scalp-lock shirt he was forced to go round and round it until he had counted all the quills, then off he started, crying, "Hoot! Hoot!" though he felt very sick.

The boy and his mother hurried up another hill, where she laid down the Buffalo robe with coloured fringe, and then they both went on.

When Big Owl reached the robe, he went round and round it, and then, crying very faintly, "Hoot! Hoot!" he flew slowly after, for he could scarcely see.

After this the woman and the boy stopped running and walked along, and when they came to a rock, the woman laid down the robe with pictures of Eagles in the four corners, and they both passed on.

As for Big Owl, when he reached this robe he staggered round and round, and he could no longer cry, "Hoot! Hoot!" and he could hardly fly, for he was so weak.

Then the woman, last of all, laid down the shadow robe so beautiful to see, and she and the boy went and stood a little way off.

Then Big Owl came fluttering his wings and staggering along. They saw him begin to go round and round the robe, counting the quills, until in a little while he was so dizzy and wild that he fell down, and burst into so many



THEY SAW HIM BEGIN TO GO ROUND AND ROUND THE
ROBE, COUNTING THE QUILLS

100
1000

pieces that they could never be gathered together again.

After that the woman and the boy hastened to the camp, and when the people saw them coming they went out to meet and welcome them. They praised the mother for being so brave, and shook hands with the boy. Then he lost his Owl wings, and was always glad to bring in the firewood and carry water from the spring for his mother. And he never again, in the middle of the night, cried, "Hi! Hi! Ho! Ho!"

THE CHESTNUT KETTLE

(*Iroquois*)

THIS is a tale of old times. Once there lived two brothers, orphans, who loved each other very much. Their lodge was in a wide wilderness, and the game was plentiful. Each day the elder brother hunted and brought back Buffalo meat and venison, while the younger brother, who was but a lad, stayed at home and gathered wood, built the fire, and cooked the supper.

It happened one evening that the elder brother returned to the lodge and brought plenty of game, which he gave the lad to cook. When the meal was ready, the elder said, "Do you eat your supper; I will smoke before I eat." So the lad ate his supper and went to sleep.

The next morning when the lad woke he found that his brother was gone to hunt. And he saw that all the meat, which had been left in the pot the night before, was still there. He wondered much at this, but when his brother returned bring-

ing game, the lad said not a word, and again cooked the supper. His brother smoked and ate nothing, and the lad went to sleep as before.

And so it happened for many nights; and the elder brother each day grew stronger, and more handsome. At last the lad said to himself: "He must eat something! To-night I will watch and see what he does."

So when the night was come, the lad watched from his bed. After a while the elder brother arose from smoking, and, opening a trap-door in the floor, began to make strange motions. Then he drew forth a small kettle from beneath the trap. He scraped the bottom of it, poured in water, and taking a whip, struck the kettle, saying, "Now, my kettle, grow larger."

Instantly the kettle began to get bigger, and gave out a sound like violent boiling. After a little time he set it to cool, and began to eat greedily from it. "Ah!" thought the lad, "to-morrow I'll find out what it is he eats." And then he went to sleep.

At daylight the elder brother set off to hunt, and the lad awoke. He arose, and hastening,

opened the trap door and drew forth the small kettle. In it lay half a chestnut. With a knife he scraped the nut into small bits, and, pouring in water, made a porridge. Then he took the whip, and commenced beating the kettle as his brother had done, saying, "Now, my kettle, grow larger."

Immediately the kettle began to get bigger, and it kept on growing bigger, and the porridge in it increased, giving out a boiling sound. To the lad's surprise the kettle kept on growing, nor could he stop it. At last it was so big that it filled the room, and he was forced to climb on the roof of the lodge, and beat the porridge from the outside.

While he was doing this his brother returned from hunting. When he saw what the lad was about he gave a groan, and cried: "Woe is me! The Magic Chestnut is gone! Alas! I must die!"

Then he took the whip from the lad, and struck the kettle, saying, "Now, my kettle, grow smaller." And it grew smaller again, and he placed it beneath the trap-door. After which he lay down, sighing sorrowfully. "Alas! I must die!"

When morning came, the elder brother could not get up, he was so weak, nor could he eat any-

thing. Day after day he grew weaker, and each morning the lad would say: "Oh, my Brother! Surely you need not die! Just tell me where the Magic Chestnuts grow, and let me fetch you some!" But his brother never answered.

At last one day, when the lad was weeping, the elder brother said: "Far, far away is a deep and wide river, which can be crossed only by Fairy power. On the other side of the river is a lodge, and near the lodge is a Chestnut Tree, from which many nuts fall to the ground. Night and day a white Heron stands beneath the tree, looking around on all sides. If any one attempts to gather the nuts, the Heron cries out, and twelve Witch-Women rush from the lodge and kill the nut-gatherer. So you see there is no chance for you to fetch the nuts to me, and I must die!"

But the lad answered, "I will go and try for your sake."

Then he made a tiny Birchbark canoe, about three inches long, and put it in his pouch, after which he set out on his journey. Day and night he walked, until at last he came to the deep and wide river. He took the canoe from his pouch,

and pulling it at both ends, drew it out until it was large and shapely. Then he placed it on the river, and entering the boat, paddled swiftly across the water.

He reached the other bank in safety, and making the canoe small again, put it in his pouch. Next he sang a magic song, and a Mole came creeping from the ground. The little animal gave him some seed that the Heron loved, and bade him be of good cheer, and go toward the Witch-Women's lodge.

He went courageously on, and scattered the seeds before the white Heron. And while the bird was greedily devouring them, the lad gathered a handful of nuts from the ground, and fled toward the river.

Meanwhile, the Heron had eaten all the seeds, and cried out. Then the twelve Witch-Women came rushing from their lodge. They carried long lines to which were fastened iron hooks. Howling with rage, they ran after the lad to the river.

But he reached there first, and taking the canoe from his pouch, made it big. Then jumping in, he paddled swiftly away from the shore. The Witch-

Women threw a line, and the hook caught the side of the canoe, but the lad cut the line with his hatchet, and paddled faster away. Line after line they threw, but he cut them with his hatchet, till all the lines were spoiled. Then, howling with disappointment, the Witch-Women returned to their lodge.

As for the lad, he reached the other shore in safety, and hastened home, fearing lest his brother should die before he could return. He came to the lodge, and, entering it, found his brother just breathing his last.

Quickly the lad drew forth the kettle, and placing the Chestnuts in it, made some magic porridge. This he gave to his brother, who straightway opened his eyes, and arose well and strong.

After which the lad told him all his adventures, and the elder said: "You have done much for me! And from now on we shall both be well and happy."

THE UGLY WILD BOY

(*Zuñi*)

IN the days of old, there lived with his old grandmother a frightfully ugly wild boy. His face and his body were blue. His nose was twisted, and scars of all colours ran down each cheek. And on his head grew a bunch of things like red peppers. Oh! he was fearfully ugly!

Well, one season it had rained so much that the Piñon Trees were laden with nuts, and the Datilas full of fruit, while the Grey-Grass and Red-Top were so heavy with seeds that they bent as if in a breeze.

The people of the town went up on the mesa where the nut trees and Datilas, and grass grew, but they could not gather a thing, for a huge old Bear lived there. He killed some of the people, and chased the rest away.

One day the ugly wild boy said to his grandmother, "I am going out to gather Datilas and Piñon nuts on the mesa."

"Child! Child!" cried his grandmother. "Do not go! Do not by any means go! You know that there is a fierce Bear on the mesa, who will either kill or hurt you dreadfully!"

"I am not afraid," said the boy. "Wait, and see what I shall bring back!"

So he started out, and followed the trail, and climbed the crooked path up the mesa. When he reached the wide plain on top, he began to pick the sweet Datila fruit, and eat it, and to crack a few Piñon nuts between his teeth.

Then suddenly out rushed the huge Bear from the nearest thicket, snarling, "Wha-a-a-a!"

"Don't kill me!" shouted the boy. "Friend, friend, don't bite me! It will hurt! If you'll let me alone, I'll make a bargain with you."

"I'd like to know why I should not bite you," growled the Bear. "I'll tear you to pieces! What have you come to my country for, stealing my fruit and nuts and grass seed?"

"I came to get something to eat," said the boy; "you have plenty."

"Indeed I have not," said the Bear; "I will let you pick nothing. I will tear you to pieces."

"Don't! Don't, and I'll make a bargain with you," said the boy.

"How dare you talk of bargains with me!" yelled the Bear, cracking a small Pine Tree with his paws and teeth, so great was his rage.

"These things are not yours," said the boy, "and I'll prove it."

"How?" asked the Bear.

"They are mine; they are not yours!" cried the boy.

"They are mine, I tell you! They are not yours!" shouted the Bear.

"They are mine!" retorted the boy.

And so they might have quarrelled until sunset, or torn one another to pieces, if the boy had not said:—

"Look here, I'll make a bargain with you."

"What's that?" asked the Bear.

"The one who owns the things on this mesa must prove it by not being frightened at anything the other does," said the boy.

"Ha! Ha!" said the Bear in his big coarse voice. "That's a good plan! I am perfectly willing to try that!"

"Very well," said the boy; "one of us must hide, and then come jumping out on the other one when he does not expect it, and frighten him."

"All right, who shall hide first?"

"Just as you say," replied the boy.

"Then I'll hide first," said the Bear; "for this place belongs to me."

So he turned and ran into the thicket, while the boy went about picking Datilas and eating them, and throwing the skins away.

By and by the Bear came rushing out of the thicket, snapping bushes, and throwing them around so that it was like a sandstorm raging through the forest.

"Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha-a-a-a!" he roared as he came rushing up back of the boy. But the boy never stirred so much as a leaf, and kept on chewing the Datilas.

Then the Bear ran into the thicket, and came out again snarling horribly, "Ha! Ha! Ha! Hu! Hu! Hu-u-u!" and grabbed the boy. But the boy's heart never so much as beat harder.

"By my senses," cried the Bear, "but you are a man! I must give it up! Now, I suppose you

will try to frighten me. And unless you can scare me well, I tell you, you must keep away from my Datila and Piñon patch."

Then the boy turned and ran back to his grandmother's house, singing as he went: —

"The Bear of the Piñon patch, frightened shall be!
The Bear of the Piñon patch, frightened shall be!"

"Oh, shall he!" cried his grandmother; "I declare, I am surprised to see you come back alive and well!"

"Hurry up, Grandmother," said the boy, "and paint me as frightfully as you can."

"All right, Grandson," said she, "I'll help you!" So she blackened the right side of his face with soot, and painted the left side with ashes, until he looked like a monster. Then she gave him a stone axe that had magic power, and said, "Take this, Grandson, and see what you can do with it."

The boy ran back to the mesa. The Bear was wandering around eating Datilas. The boy suddenly sprang at him yelling, "He! He! He! He! He! He! To-o-o-h!" and he whacked the side of a hollow Piñon Tree with the axe.

Well, the tree shivered with a thundering noise, and the bear jumped as if he had been struck with flying splinters. Then, seeing the boy, he shook himself, and exclaimed, "What a fool I am to be scared by a little wretch like you!" Just then he saw the boy's face, and he was terribly frightened.

Again the boy struck a tree with the magic axe, yelling louder than before. The Earth shook, and the noise was so thunderous that the Bear sneezed from fright. The boy came still nearer, and struck another tree a tremendous blow, and the Earth thundered and trembled more violently than before, and the Bear almost lost his senses from fear. When for the fourth time the boy struck a tree close to the Bear, the old fellow was thrown to the ground by the heavings of the Earth, and the bellowing sounds that came from it.

Then the Bear picked himself up, and ran away as fast as his legs could carry him. He heard the boy coming after him, and went without stopping until he reached the Zuñi Mountains.

"There," said the boy, "I'll chase the old

rogue no farther. He 's been living all this time on the mesa, where more nuts and fruit and grass seed grow than a thousand Bears could eat; and yet he has never let any one from the town gather a bit!" Then the boy, carrying his magic axe, returned to his grandmother, and told her all that had happened.

"Go," said she, "to the top of the high rock over there, that looks down on the town, and tell the people who wish to gather Datilas and Piñon nuts, that they need not be afraid any more."

So the boy went out, and climbing to the top of the rock, shouted: —

"Ye of the Home of the Eagles! Any of ye who wish to gather Datilas or Piñon nuts, or grass seed to make bread, go ye to the mesa and gather as much as ye will, for I have driven the Bear away!"

Well, some of the people believed what the boy said, and hurried away to the mesa to eat and enjoy themselves. But others would not believe it because he was an ugly wild boy; so they did not go to the mesa, and the rest of the people picked all the nuts and fruit and grass seed.

PITCHER THE WITCH AND THE BLACK CATS

(*Algonquin*)

IN the days when the great Magician Glooskap dwelt in the land of the Wabanaki he lived in a magic lodge on a lonely island. His servant was old Dame Bear, who kept his lodge and cooked his food. There lived with him, also, his younger brother, Martin the Fairy, who could change himself into baby or man, just as he wished.

Martin, with his Fairy power, made a Birchbark dish, from which he ate. Whenever he went into the forest alone, he left this dish in the lodge so that Glooskap, looking into it, might see all that Martin was doing, for it was a Fairy dish.

One time, Glooskap returned from a long journey, and entered his lodge. The place was empty, the fire was out, and the ashes were cold. He called Dame Bear, but she did not answer. He shouted for Martin, but the boy did not come. Then he looked into the Birchbark dish and saw a distant seashore, and he could see Dame Bear

walking through the sand with a baby on her back, who was Martin the Fairy. And all around her ran and leaped many Black Cats.

Then Glooskap knew that Dame Bear and Martin had been stolen by the order of Pitcher the Witch, who ruled the tribe of the Black Cats.

So Glooskap armed himself with his mighty bow, and hastened after the robbers. He followed their tracks to the shore where he found the Black Cats, with Dame Bear and Martin, just pushing off in a canoe.

Glooskap called out to Dame Bear to send back to him his Dogs, so she took from her robes the little Dogs that were no bigger than Mice, and placed them on a wooden platter. This she laid on the water, and it floated to land and stopped at Glooskap's feet. He took the platter up and placed the Dogs in his bosom, and as he did so the canoe of the Black Cats sailed rapidly away over the sea, and disappeared from his sight.

Standing on the shore, Glooskap began to sing a magic song. Louder and louder he sang, and a small Whale heard him and swam to land. Gloos-

kap set his mighty foot upon her back, and as he did so she sank beneath the water.

Then he sent her away and sang another magic song, and a large and powerful Whale came swimming to land. Glooskap, stepping upon her back, found she bore him well. So he bade her journey on, and she swam fast through the waves.

At last, as she drew near another country, the Clams hidden in the sand called out bidding her throw Glooskap from her back, or else soon she would be stranded high upon the land. But the Whale did not understand their language, and she swam swiftly on until she found herself high and dry on the shore.

And as Glooskap stepped from her back, the Whale, lying gasping on the sand, lamented:—

“Alas! my Grandchild!
If I cannot leave the land,
I shall swim in the sea no more!”

And then Glooskap answered gently:—

“Have no fear, Grandmother!
I'll help you from the land,
And you shall swim in the sea once more!”

And so saying, he pushed his mighty bow against her side and sent her out into the deep water. And the Whale, rejoicing, went swimming swiftly away.

After this, Glooskap set out once more to pursue the Black Cats. He walked on for a long time, and when darkness fell he came to an old wigwam and, entering it, saw an ugly hag, in ragged clothes, sitting before a dying fire. She begged him to gather some firewood, and he did so, and kindled the fire to a blaze. Then she prayed him to free her from many little Imps that were tormenting her body.

Now this hag was really Pitcher the Witch, and the Imps were bad Elves. And she knew that if Glooskap tried to harm them, they would sting and kill him. But Glooskap, standing behind her, began to pick the Imps off her body, and as he did so, each turned into a horrible thing,—a slimy Toad or a foul Porcupine. And instead of killing them, he laid them beneath a wooden platter he found at his feet. With his magic power he soothed the hag, so that she soon fell asleep; then he departed.

And when the morning was come, Pitcher the Witch awoke and found Glooskap gone, and the slimy Toads and Porcupines swarming over the floor. She rose in a rage, and hastened after Glooskap, determined to destroy him with her magic power.

Now, Pitcher could change herself into anything she wished. She searched until she found Glooskap by the seashore; then she turned herself into a man. Approaching Glooskap, she invited him to go with her to gather Sea-Gulls' eggs. As he was hungry, he consented.

Getting into a canoe, they paddled off together, going farther and farther from land. After a while they came to a lonely island and stepped out upon the beach.

And while Glooskap was gathering Sea-Gulls' eggs, the evil Pitcher stole away in the canoe, and as she paddled off she sang:—

“I have left Glooskap on the island !
I have left Glooskap on the island !
And I shall be the greatest of Magicians now !”

But Glooskap, when he perceived that Pitcher was gone, began to sing a magic song, and a Fox,

that was far away beyond the mountains, heard him. It came running to the shore, and swam to the island, where it found the great Magician waiting. It bade him mount upon its back, saying: "Close your eyes and do not open them until we reach the shore. Hold fast to my tail, and we shall soon be there."

So Glooskap stepped upon its back, and the Fox swam fast through the water. And while they were yet far from the shore, Glooskap, forgetting what the Fox had said, opened his eyes. In a minute the wind began to blow fiercely, and the waves roared and foamed about him; for the evil Pitcher had been able to raise a storm by means of her magic. So the Fox could not reach the land that day, and it swam all through the night. But when morning dawned, it touched the shore. And as Glooskap stepped from its back, the Fox ran away to the forest.

After this Glooskap set out once more to pursue the Black Cats. And as he followed their tracks along a forest trail he saw in the distance old Dame Bear carrying Martin the Fairy on her back. And they were following the Black Cats,

who had gone on ahead to prepare their camp for the night.

And Martin looked back, and saw Glooskap. "My Brother! My elder Brother!" he cried, "Oh, Glooskap, help me!"

Just then Pitcher the Witch came hobbling down the forest trail, but she did not see Glooskap. "Cry out for your brother!" said she to Martin the Fairy. "Yes, cry out aloud to him! Much good can he do you, for last night I left him on a lonely island to die!"

Then Martin cried out again, and Glooskap sprang on Pitcher the Witch, shouting: "Now I know you, evil Pitcher! Never again shall you deceive me!"

And with that he bound her by his magic power, and placed her back against a tree, where she stuck fast. Then he led Dame Bear, still carrying Martin, to the camp of the Black Cats. And when the animals knew that Glooskap had overcome Pitcher, they obeyed and served him, for his magic was stronger than theirs.

Now, Pitcher had a hatchet and wedge, and she began to chop herself loose. And all night long

the Black Cats heard her chopping and pounding and shrieking with rage. And when morning was come she hobbled into the camp with a piece of the tree stuck to her back. And when the Black Cats saw her, they leaped around her, and laughed, and spit in her face.

Then Pitcher the Witch, when she heard the Black Cats laugh, knew that they would serve her no longer. So she ran through the forest howling like a wild Wolf. At last she came to the shore, and, sitting down upon a log, thought long and fiercely how she might torment men forever.

And as she thought thus, her body began to shrink, and became smaller and smaller, until it was like a thin Fly. Fine wings grew from her sides, and long legs beneath her body, while sharp things like needles protruded from her mouth. She rose buzzing with anger into the air, and became a Mosquito, thirsty for the blood of men.

And ever since that day Mosquitoes have tormented people; and wherever there is a Black Cat, a Witch is sure to be.

NOVEMBER THE MONTH OF FUN AND
EATING



COYOTE THE HUNGRY

(Caddo)

I

Now Coyote was always hungry, and as he was a coward, he used to sneak about the fields and timber searching for something to eat. One day, as he was walking by the side of a brook, he heard something in a Persimmon Tree. He looked up, and there was Opossum eating Persimmons.

Coyote begged him to throw down some of the fruit, but Opossum only laughed and ate more Persimmons. He picked Persimmons, ate them with grunts, and then threw down the seeds at Coyote. This he kept on doing.

By and by Coyote grew angry, but Opossum only laughed the more. He crawled out on a branch and dropped down as though he were going to fall into Coyote's mouth. And just when Coyote made a snap at him with his teeth, Opossum, instead of falling, wrapped his tail around the branch and drew himself up. This he did again and again.

Well, Coyote grew more and more angry, then Opossum climbed out on a dry limb, and shouted: "Look out! Here I come this time! Catch me!"

And sure enough, the limb suddenly broke, and down tumbled Opossum to the ground. Then Coyote gave him a hard beating, and, leaving him to die, walked away.

But Opossum was only fooling, for he was not hurt at all. As soon as Coyote had gone a little distance, up jumped Opossum and climbed into the Persimmon Tree. Coyote turned around to see

if Opossum was dead, and there he sat in the tree eating Persimmons, and throwing down the seeds, and laughing.

II

Well, as Coyote was very hungry, he went on farther looking for something to eat. By and by he heard a noise as though a lot of people were having fun. He went toward the noise and saw a number of young Turkeys playing on a hillside. They were climbing into a bag, and rolling each other downhill.

Coyote thought to himself, "Now is my chance to have a good dinner!" So he begged the Turkeys to let him get into the bag and roll downhill too. As the birds were good-natured, they put him in the bag, and rolled him down two or three times.

Then Coyote told them that if they would all get in at once, he would roll them down hill. So every one crawled in, and Coyote, quick as a wink, tied the mouth of the bag tight, so they could not get out. Then he slung the bag on his back, and went home.

His four Coyote sons saw him coming, and ran to meet him.

"You see this bag?" said he. "It is full of Turkeys, young and tender. Build me a hot fire, and we will have a feast."

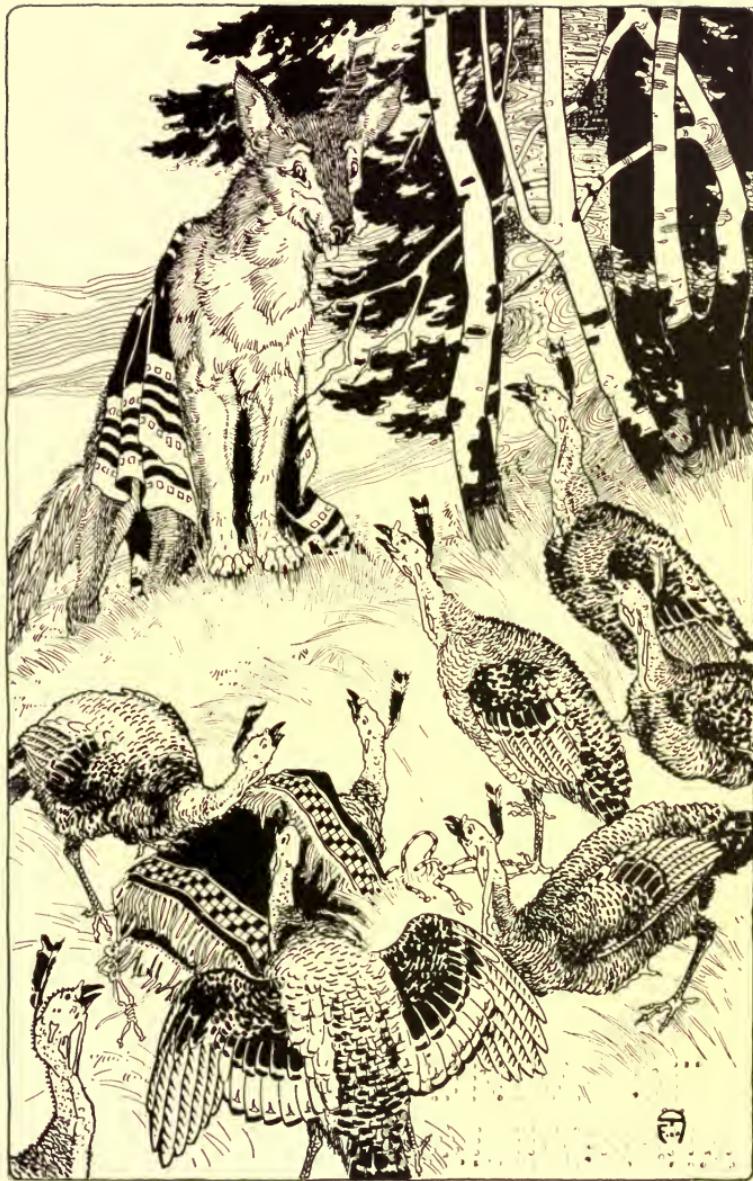
They built a fire, but there was not enough wood, so Coyote had to go to the timber to fetch some. Before he went, he said, "Be sure not to open the bag while I am gone."

Well, the youngest son was very curious, and as soon as Coyote was out of sight, the youngster thought he would like to see what the Turkeys were doing. So he untied the string, and out jumped the Turkeys one and all, and flew gobbling away.

When Coyote came back with the wood, he found all the Turkeys gone, and though he beat his youngest son, they had no Turkey dinner that day.

III

On another morning, Coyote set out for the timber to get some food. He soon saw a wild Turkey sitting on a tree. Now the Turkey was



A NUMBER OF YOUNG TURKEYS PLAYING ON
A HILLSIDE

10
11
12

fat, and Coyote licked his chops and said to himself, "I must have that fine bird for dinner."

And as Coyote was a great liar, as well as a coward, he spoke to the Turkey, and said: "If you do not come down from that tree I will climb up and kill you. But if you will fly over the prairie I cannot hurt you there."

The Turkey believed him, and flew toward the prairie, and Coyote ran after him. The Turkey flew high at first, but by and by he began to get tired, and there was no tree to light on. So he flew lower and lower, until he reached the ground, and then Coyote pounced upon him, and ate him.

Now, while Coyote was licking the Turkey's bones, he looked back to see if anybody was watching, and he thought he saw a man standing just behind him with a big stick ready to strike him.

Coyote was terribly frightened, and away he ran as fast as he could go, every now and then turning around to see if the man was following. And each time he looked, he thought he saw the man close behind, ready to strike. So Coyote ran faster and faster, thinking he must die; until at

last his strength gave out. Then he thought he would fool the man, and he began to dodge from left to right, and right to left, until he was so tired that he could not run any more. So he rolled on the grass and turned over on his back, begging hard not to be killed.

After that he rolled over on his face, and as he did so he heard something crack in his head. He thought it was one of his teeth. But, no indeed, it was not a tooth! It was a long *Turkey feather* that had stuck between two of his upper teeth, and stood up behind his left eye.

And when Coyote saw this, he knew that he had been fooled; for there had been no man behind him at all. He had been trying to run away from a *Turkey feather!*

Ever since that day, Coyote has been afraid, and his eyes are wild; and when he runs he always looks back to see if anybody is following.

COYOTE THE PROUD

(*Pima*)

IN old days Coyote was bright green, and how he came to be the colour of dust, was this way:—

One day he was walking along looking for something to eat, and he came to a lake. And there he saw a little bird with ugly grey feathers. It was bathing in the lake, and when it came out on the bank, all its feathers fell off and left its skin bare.

After that, the little bird jumped into the lake again, and came out covered with beautiful bright blue feathers! It hopped about and sang:—

“This water is blue!
And blue I am too!”

“Little Bird,” cried Coyote, “you are the most beautiful thing I have ever seen! Tell me how you changed your ugly feathers for these bright blue ones.”

“I went into the lake four times in four days, and sang a magic song,” said the little bird, “and

the fourth time, my feathers all fell off. Then I jumped in a fifth time, and these beautiful ones grew all over me."

"Little Bird," said Coyote, "teach me your song, for I also wish to be blue."

So the bird taught Coyote its song, and he jumped into the lake and bathed four times in four days. The fourth time all his hair dropped off. Then he jumped in again, and his hair came back a beautiful bright blue.

Well! He was proud! And as he walked along he looked about on all sides to see if any one was admiring him. He even examined his shadow to see if it was blue. And of course he did not look where he was going, and suddenly he hit a stump, and rolled over into the dust.

He rolled and rolled, and when he got up he was all dust-coloured! And that is the reason why ever since that day all Coyotes have been the colour of dirt.

THE MAGIC WINDPIPE

(*Arikara*)

A LONG time ago there lived a beautiful Indian girl. Her lodge was on the edge of a forest, and she dwelt alone. And though she never hunted or fished, she always had plenty to eat, and no one knew where it came from. In her lodge hung a magic bundle, and near it were seven tiny bows and a lot of grass arrows.

One day as she was eating her dinner, Coyote came through the forest, and stopped at her door. He saw that she had roast Buffalo meat, and he licked his chops.

“ You have no man around,” said he to the girl; “ may I stay and do your errands? ”

“ Yes,” said she, “ you may stay.”

So Coyote lived with her, and made her fires and brought water from the spring.

By and by all the Buffalo meat was gone, and Coyote wondered how she was going to get more. Then the girl said: —

“ Uncle Coyote, our food is gone. I want some

fresh meat. My brothers will be here to-day. Do you go to the north side of the entrance and cover your head with a Buffalo robe, and don't watch what I do."

So Coyote did as he was told, and when his head was covered, he peeped out and saw the girl sweep the lodge clean. Then she placed hot coals in the centre of the room, and put some sweet-grass on the coals. As the smoke arose, she lifted the magic bundle from the wall, and opening it, took out the windpipe of a Buffalo. It was round, and small at one end, and big at the other.

She waved the windpipe over the smoke, and turned the small end down, and some dust fell out on the floor. Then the dust changed into seven handsome braves, her brothers.

The young men took down the tiny bows and arrows from the wall, and they changed into big bows and arrows.

The girl wrapped herself in a Buffalo robe, then went and stood in the door. She gave a yell to the north, and a yell to the west, and immediately herds of Buffalo came rushing over the plain.

Then she went back into the lodge, and her brothers began to kill the Buffalo. When they had killed as many as they wanted, the rest of the animals ran away, and the brothers came back into the lodge.

The girl put more sweet-grass on the coals, and when the smoke rose up the brothers stepped behind it, and disappeared. The girl took the magic windpipe, held it over the coals, gathered up a handful of dust from the floor, and put it into the windpipe. After that she put the windpipe into the magic bundle and hung it again on the wall.

She next passed the big bows and arrows through the smoke and they became tiny bows and grass arrows, and she hung them up, too.

Now, Coyote was very much astonished to see all this, but he kept quiet. By and by the girl called him, and showed him the dead Buffalo. He helped her to skin the animals, and to dry the flesh. After that she let Coyote roast all the bones he wished.

When Coyote had eaten the roast meat, he began to think of his hungry children at home, and

said to himself, "If I only had that magic windpipe, I could call the Buffalo whenever I wished, and the seven young braves would kill them for me."

Then he asked the girl if the windpipe held more than seven young men. "Oh, yes," said she; "whenever I turn the big end upside down, a war party comes out, headed by my seven brothers, and they fight for me."

When Coyote heard this, he decided to steal the windpipe that night, for he thought, "When my enemies see all those braves, they will think me powerful, and will run away."

Now the girl knew that Coyote was planning to steal the windpipe, and she let him take it. That night, when she was asleep, he lifted down the magic bundle from the wall, and, opening it, took out the windpipe and ran away fast toward the north.

He travelled far until he was tired, and then lay down by a log to sleep. The girl knew this, and she told her brothers to bring him back. They did so, and placed him on the floor of the lodge.

And when he woke in the morning, there he lay, with the magic windpipe in his paw, and the girl looking at him.

"Oh, my niece," said he, "I thought a war-party was coming in the night, so I took this down. Put it back." So the girl tied the windpipe up in the magic bundle, and hung it on the wall.

The next night Coyote ran away again with the magic windpipe, and when he came to a place where he thought he was safe, he lay down to sleep. The girl told her brothers to bring him back. They did so, and placed him on the floor of the lodge.

And when he woke in the morning, there he lay, with the magic windpipe in his paw, and the girl looking at him.

"Oh, my niece," said he, "I took this down because the enemy came in the night, and I frightened him away. Put it back." So the girl tied the windpipe up again, and hung it on the wall. And the same thing happened the third night.

The fourth time Coyote stole the magic windpipe, the girl let him take it and did not tell her

brothers to bring him back. No, indeed! She let him go on until he came to a village. He was very hungry, so he said to himself, "I will call out the people and order them to feed me, and if they do not obey, I will turn the big end of the windpipe upside down, and the war-party will come out."

So he called out the people, and the braves came running and shouting from the lodges, and the boys and dogs came too. And when they saw Coyote, the men and boys began to kick him, and throw stones at him, and the dogs bit him. He turned the windpipe upside down, when, instead of a war-party, out burst a whole swarm of Bumblebees, millions of them, buzzing with rage.

They settled all over Coyote, and stung him so hard that he ran howling into the forest. And they kept on stinging him until he was well punished for his lying and stealing.

After that, the Bumblebees swarmed up into a hollow tree, and they have lived there ever since. As for the magic windpipe, the brothers took it back to the girl.

THE BIRDS' BALL-GAME

(*Cherokee*)

THIS is what the old men told me when I was a boy:—

Once the animals challenged the birds to play a great ball-game, and the birds accepted. The leaders set the day, and chose a ball-ground in a smooth, green meadow near a river. When the time arrived, all the animals and birds met together to start for the ball-ground.

The captain of the animals was the Bear, who was so big and strong that he could pull down any one who got in his way. All along the road he kept growling and tossing up great logs and catching them again, in order to show how fierce and strong he was. And he boasted loudly of what dreadful things he would do to the birds when the game should begin.

The Terrapin was there, too, not the small one we have now, but the Great and Original Terrapin. His shell was so hard that the weightiest blows could not hurt him, and he kept rising up on his

hind legs and dropping heavily to the ground. And at the same time he bragged how he would crush any bird that might try to take the ball from him.

Then came the Deer, who was so swift that he could outrun any animal. Altogether it was a fine company!

Over their heads flew the birds, hundreds of them. Their captain was the Eagle. And the Hawk was present also, swift and strong for flight, and the Swallow, the Martin, the Robin, and the Wren were there. But all of them were a little afraid of the animals, because they were so much larger than the birds.

When they reached the ball-ground they had a great dance, after which the birds flew up into the trees, and the animals rested on the grass. And while they were waiting for the signal to begin the game, two little creatures, not much bigger than Field Mice, began to climb the tree in which was the birds' captain, the Eagle.

When they reached the bough on which the Eagle was perched, they stood before him humbly, and begged to be allowed to join the game.

The captain looked at them closely, and seeing that each had four feet, asked why they did not go to the animals. The little creatures explained sadly that they had spoken to the Bear, but because they were so small, all the animals had made fun of them and driven them away.

Then the birds' captain was sorry for them, and agreed to let them join the game.

But how were they to play when they had no wings? The Eagle, the Hawk, and the other chief birds consulted together, and decided to make some wings for the little fellows.

One of the birds fetched the drum that had been used for the dance, and they cut off the drumhead, which was made of Groundhog-skin. From this they made a pair of leathery wings and stretched them with cane splints. They fastened the wings to the fore legs of one of the little creatures. And he became the Bat.

Then the Eagle threw the ball and told him to catch it. And the Bat dodged and circled around in the air, never letting the ball fall to the ground. The birds soon saw that he would be one of their best players.

Now, they wished to make wings for the other little fellow, but all the leather had been used for the Bat. So two of the largest birds, with their beaks, took hold of the little one's fur on either side, and they pulled and pulled, until they stretched his skin between his fore and hind legs. And he became the Flying Squirrel.

To see how well he could play, the birds' captain tossed the ball, and the Flying Squirrel sprang off the tree, caught it in his teeth, and carried it through the air to the next tree. So the birds knew he would be a fine player.

Now, all the animals and the birds were ready, and the signal was given for the game to begin. As soon as the ball was tossed, the Flying Squirrel caught it up, and carried it into a tree. From there he threw it to the birds, who kept it in the air for a long time, until by accident it fell to the Earth.

Immediately the Bear rushed for the ball, but the Martin darted after it, and seizing it fast, threw it to the Bat, who was flying near the ground. And the Bat, by his dodging and doubling, kept the ball out of the way of even the Deer, until at last he sent it spinning between the poles.

And so the birds won the game. But the Bear and the Terrapin, who had boasted of what great things they would do, never got a chance even to touch the ball.

The Martin received as a reward a gourd in which to build his nest. And ever since that day the Flying Squirrel and the Bat have been friends with the birds.

WHY THE TURKEY GOBBLES

(*Cherokee*)

THIS story, too, is what the old men told me when I was a boy: —

In the old times, the animals and birds liked to play ball, and they shouted and hallooed just as players do to-day.

Well, the Grouse used to have a fine voice and could shout very loud at the ball-game; but the Turkey could make no noise at all.

One day the Turkey asked the Grouse to teach him how to use his voice, and the Grouse agreed to do so in return for a ruffle of feathers to wear about his neck. The Turkey gave him a fine one, and that is how the Grouse got his collar of feathers.

Well, they began the lessons, and the Turkey learned very fast. By and by the Grouse thought it was time to try the Turkey's voice at a distance, to see how far he could shout.

"Now," said the Grouse, "do you go over by yonder tree and I 'll stand on this hollow log.

When I give the signal by tapping on the log,
do you shout as loud as you can."

The Turkey was so eager and excited that, when the Grouse gave the signal, he tried to shout, but could not raise his voice, and all he could say was, "Gobble! Gobble! Gobble!"

And since that day, whenever the Turkey hears a noise, he can only gobble.

THE LAND OF THE NORTHERN LIGHTS

(*Algonquin*)

ONCE there was a Wabanaki Chief who had an only son. The boy worried his parents very much because he never played with other boys and girls in the village. Every few days he took down his bow and arrows from the side of the wigwam, and went away, no one knew where. And when he came back, his mother and father asked him: "Where have you been? What have you seen?" And he never answered a word.

One day the Chief said to his wife: "Our son must be watched. I will follow him."

So the next time the boy took down the bow and arrows, his father followed in his path. They travelled along for some time, until the Chief felt himself walking over a trail of dim, white light. Then his eyes were closed by invisible power, and he saw nothing more.

When he could open his eyes again, he was standing in a strange country lighted by dim, white light, and the people walking about him

were different from any he had ever seen before. And near him were many white wigwams.

While the Chief was looking around, an old man stepped up to him, and said, "Do you know what land this is?"

"No," said the Chief.

"You are in the Land of the Northern Lights," replied the old man. "I came here many years ago from the lower country. I walked along the Milky Way, which is the same trail over which you came. There is a boy who comes every few days over that path, to play with our people."

"That boy is my son," said the Chief; "where may I find him? And how may we return in safety to the lower country?"

"You will soon see your son playing with our people, and if you wish it, the Chief of the Northern Lights will send you both home safely."

Then the Chief saw that a ball-game was beginning. Many braves came from the wigwams. They wore around their waists belts made of rainbows, and from their heads arose lights of every colour.

And as they threw the ball, the lights from their belts and heads shot up against the dim, white

sky. Flashes of rose, violet, green, yellow, orange, and red, quivered, leaped, and danced against the Sky, and died down. And then the flashes shot upward again, flickering and dancing. And the brave, with the brightest lights upon his head, was the Chief's son.

While the Chief was watching the game, the old man went to the wigwam of the Chief of the Northern Lights, and said, "There is a man here from the lower country, who wishes to return to his home, and take his son with him."

So the Chief of the Northern Lights called all his people together, and bade them give back the boy to his father. Then he summoned two great birds and told them to carry the boy and man back in safety to the lower country.

One bird lifted up the boy, and the other took up his father, and they flew away with them along the Milky Way. The Chief felt his eyes closed again, and when he could open them, he was standing with his son, near his own wigwam.

And after that the boy taught the men of the village the ball-game. And that is how the Wa-banaki say they learned to play ball.

THE POOR TURKEY GIRL

(*Zuñi*)

ONCE long, long ago, in Matsaki the Salt City, there lived many rich Indians who owned large flocks of Turkeys. The poor people of the town herded them on the mesas, or on the plains around Thunder Mountain, at the foot of which Matsaki stood.

Now, at this time, on the border of the town was a little tumble-down hut in which there lived alone a very poor girl. Her clothes were patched and ragged; and, though she had a winning face and bright eyes, she was shameful to behold because her hair was uncombed and her face dirty. She herded Turkeys for a living, in return for which she received a little food, and now and then an old garment.

But she had a kind heart, and was lonely, so she was good to her Turkeys as she drove them to and from the plains each day. The birds loved her very much, and would come at her call, or go wherever she wished.

One day this poor girl was driving her Turkeys past Old Zuñi, and as she went along she heard a man, who was standing upon a house-top, invite all the people of Zuñi and the other towns to come to a great dance that was to take place in four days.

Now this poor girl had never been allowed to join in, or even to watch, the dances, and she longed to see this one. She sighed, and said to her Turkeys,—for she often talked to them,—“Alas! How could a girl, so ugly and ill-clad as I am, watch and much less join in the great dance!” Then she drove her Turkeys to the plain, and when night came, returned them to their cage on the edge of the town.

So every day, for three days, this poor girl drove her Turkeys out in the morning, and saw the people busy cleaning and mending their garments, cooking all sorts of good things, and making ready for the festival. And she heard them laughing and talking about the great dance. And as she went along with her Turkeys, she talked to them, and told them how sad she was. Of course she did not think they understood a word.

They did understand, however, for on the fourth day, when all the people of Matsaki had gone to Old Zuñi, and the poor girl was herding her Turkeys on the plain, a big Gobbler strutted up to her. He made a fan of his tail, and skirts of his wings, and, blushing with pride and puffing with importance, he stretched his neck, and said:—

“O Maiden Mother, we know what your thoughts are, and truly pity you. We wish that, like the other people of Matsaki, you might enjoy the great dance. Last night, after you had placed us safely and comfortably in our cage, we said to ourselves, ‘Our maiden mother is just as worthy to enjoy the dance as any maiden of Matsaki or Zuñi.’

“So now, listen, Maiden Mother,” continued the old Gobbler. “Would you like to go to the dance, and be merry with the best of your people? If you will drive us home early this afternoon, when the dance is most gay and the people are most happy, we will make you so handsome and dress you so prettily that no one will know you. And the young men will wonder whence you came, and lay hold of your hand in the dance.”

At first the poor girl was very much surprised to hear the Gobbler speak, then it seemed so natural that her Turkeys should talk to her as she did to them, that she sat down on a little mound, and said: "My beloved Turkeys, how glad I am that we may speak together! But why should you promise me things that you know I cannot have?"

"Trust us," said the old Gobbler, "and when we begin to call, and gobble, gobble, and turn toward our home in Matsaki, do you follow us; and we will show you what we can do for you. Only let me tell you one thing. If you remain true and kind of heart, no one knows what happiness and good fortune may come to you. But if you forget us, your friends, and do not return to us before sunset, then we will think, 'Behold, our maiden mother deserves all her poverty and hard life, for when good fortune came she forgot her friends and was ungrateful.'"

"Never fear, my Turkeys!" cried the girl, "never fear! Whatever you tell me to do I will do! I will be as obedient as you have always been to me!"

The noon hour was scarcely passed, when the

Turkeys of their own accord turned homeward, gobbling as they went. And the girl followed them, light of heart. They knew their cage, and immediately ran into it. When they had all entered, the old Gobbler called to the girl, "Come into our house!"

So she went in, and he said, "Maiden Mother, sit down, and give us one by one your garments, and we will see what we can do with them."

The girl obediently drew off her ragged mantle, and cast it on the floor in front of the Gobbler. He seized it in his beak, and spread it out. Then he picked and picked at it, and trod upon it. Lowering his wings, he began to strut back and forth upon it. Next, taking it up in his beak, he puffed and puffed, and laid it down at the feet of the girl—a beautiful white embroidered mantle!

Another Gobbler came forward, and the girl gave him one of her garments, which in the same manner, he made very fine. And then another and another Gobbler did the same, until each garment was made into as new and beautiful a thing as that worn by any maiden of Matsaki.

Before the girl put these on, the Turkeys cir-

clued about her, singing and brushing her with their wings, until she was clean, and her skin as smooth and bright as that of the loveliest maiden of Matsaki. Her hair was soft and waving, her cheeks full and dimpled, and her eyes dancing with smiles.

Then an old Turkey Gobbler came forward, and said: "O Maiden Mother, all you lack now is some rich ornaments. Wait a minute!"

Spreading his wings, he trod round and round, throwing his head back, and laying his wattled beard upon his neck. By and by he began to cough, and he produced in his beak a beautiful necklace. And one by one the other Gobblers did the same thing, and coughed up earrings, and all the ornaments befitting a well-clad maiden, and laid them at the feet of the poor Turkey girl.

With these beautiful things, she decorated herself, and thanking the Turkeys over and over, she started to go to the great dance. But the Turkeys called out: "O Maiden Mother, leave open the wicket gate, for who knows whether you will remember your Turkeys when your for-

tunes are changed! Perhaps you will be ashamed of being the maiden mother of Turkeys. But we love you, and would bring you good fortune! Therefore remember our words, and do not stay too late."

"I will surely remember you, my Turkeys," answered the girl, and she opened the wicket, and sped hastily away toward Old Zuñi.

When she arrived there, the people looked at her, and she heard murmurs of astonishment at her beauty and the richness of her dress. The people were asking one another, "Who is this lovely maiden?"

The Chiefs of the dance, all gorgeous in their attire, hastily came to her, and invited her to join the youths and maidens in the dance. With a blush and a smile and a toss of her hair over her eyes, the girl stepped into the circle, and the finest youths among the dancers sought to lay hold of her hand.

Her heart became merry, her feet light, and she danced and danced until the Sun began to go down. Then, alas! in her happiness she thought of her Turkeys, and said to herself: "Why should

I go away from this delightful place, to my flock of gobbling Turkeys? I will stay a little longer, and just before the Sun sets, I will run back to them. Then these people will not know who I am, and I shall have the joy of hearing them talk day after day, wondering who the girl was, who joined their dance."

So the time sped on, and soon the Sun set, and the dance was well-nigh over. Then the girl, breaking away, ran out of the town, and being swift of foot, she sped up the river-path before any one could follow the course she took.

As for the Turkeys, when they saw that it grew late, they began to wonder and wonder that their maiden mother did not return to them. And when the Sun had set, the old Gobbler mournfully said: "Alas! It is as we might have known! She has forgotten us! So she is not worthy of better things than those she has been used to! Let us go to the mountains, and endure captivity no longer, since our maiden mother is not so good and true as we once thought her."

So calling, calling to one another, and gobbling, gobbling in a loud voice, they trooped out

of their cage, and ran through the cañon, and around Thunder Mountain, and up the valley.

All breathless the girl arrived at the wicket, and looked in. And, lo, not a Turkey was there! She ran and she ran along their trail. And when she reached the valley, they were far ahead, and she could hear them calling, calling to one another, and gobbling, gobbling loudly. She redoubled her speed, and as she drew nearer, she heard them singing sadly : —

“ Oh, our maiden mother,
Whom we love so well,
To the dance went to-day!

“ Therefore, as she lingers,
To the cañon mesa,
We 'll all run away!”

Hearing this, the girl called to her Turkeys, called and called in vain! They quickened their steps, and spreading their wings to help themselves along, ran on till they came to the base of the cañon mesa. Then, singing once more their sad song, they spread wide their wings, and fluttered away over the plain above.

As for the girl, she looked down at her garments, and, lo, they were changed again to rags and patches and dirt! And she was the same poor Turkey girl that she had been before.

Weary and weeping, and very much ashamed, she returned to Matsaki.

DECEMBER THE MONTH OF GIFTS



THE MUD PONY

(Skidi Pawnee)

ONCE there was an Indian camp, and in it lived a boy. His parents were very poor, and had no ponies. The boy was fond of ponies, and often sat on the bank of the creek, while the other boys were watering theirs.

One day the boy made up his mind to have a pony of his own. He crossed the creek, and got

some wood, and built a little corral. He then took a quantity of sticky mud to the corral, and made two ponies of mud. He got some white clay, and put it on the head of one; so that it was white-faced.

Then the boy was happy! Every morning he went to the corral, and carried his mud ponies down to the creek, and dipped their noses in the water. Then he took them back to the corral again. He heaped grass and green cottonwood shoots before them, and took as good care of them as if they were real ponies.

Well, one day the boy went to see his mud ponies, and he found that one of them had crumbled to dust. He felt so badly that he cried; and after that he took even better care of the one that was left. It was the one with the white face.

On another morning, while the boy was in his corral, the people broke camp, and went on a Buffalo hunt. The boy's parents looked everywhere for him, and when they could not find him, they had to go away without him. And when he went back to the place where the camp had been, all the people were gone!

He cried and cried, and wandered about picking up pieces of dried meat the people had thrown away. When night came, he lay down and cried himself to sleep. Then he dreamed that a white-faced pony came to him, and said: "My Son, you are poor, and Mother Earth has taken pity on you, and has given me to you. I am a part of her."

Well, when the boy woke up, it was broad daylight. He rose and went to his corral to look after his mud pony. And what did he see standing in front of the corral, but a fine little pony with a white face! It was pawing the ground, and tossing its mane.

The boy rubbed his eyes to see if it was a real pony. He went up to it, and stroked its sides; and it whinnied with joy, and sniffed at his fingers. So he got a piece of rope, and put it round the pony's neck, and led it down to the water.

But the pony would not drink at all, and said like the one in his dream:—

"My Son, you are poor, and Mother Earth has taken pity on you, and has given me to you. I am your Mud Pony."

Then the boy was filled with joy, and rubbed

the pony down, and was very proud of it. Just as he was going to lead it back to the corral, the Pony said:—

“My Son, you must do all I tell you to do, and some day you will become a great Chief. Now, jump on my back, and we will find your people. Do not try to guide me, for I know where to go.”

The boy, delighted, jumped on the Pony’s back, and away they went swiftly over the plain. They travelled all that day, and when evening was come, they reached a place where the people had camped the night before. But they had all gone on farther.

The boy jumped down, and turned the Pony loose to graze, but it would not eat. It only said: “Do not mind me. Go and find something to eat for yourself.” So the boy wandered about the deserted camp, picking up bits of food the people had dropped. When his hunger was satisfied, he lay down and went to sleep. In the morning he rose, and jumped on the Pony, and away they went across the plain.

In the evening, the same thing happened as before; they stopped at a deserted camp, the boy ate

and slept, and in the morning he and the Pony journeyed on. The next night, they reached the camp where the people were stopping. Then the Pony said:—

“Leave me here outside the camp, and go to your tepee, and wake your mother. I will stay here and take care of myself, for I do not need anything to eat and drink, because I am a part of Mother Earth. All I need is a blanket to keep the dew and rain off me, or I shall melt. To-morrow, when the people break camp, stay behind, and I will be ready for you.”

The boy entered the camp, as the Pony told him to do, and went into his parents' tepee. He sat down, and threw some dried grass on the coals in the fireplace, and the flames blazed up. Then he went to his mother's bed, and woke her, saying, “Mother, here I am!”

His mother opened her eyes, and at first she thought she was dreaming, then she put out her hand and touched him. And when she knew it was really her son, she rose with joy, and waked her husband. He got up, too, and threw logs on the fire, and ran and called the boy's relations.

They came crowding in, and were glad to see him safe and well.

The next morning the people broke camp, and the boy told them to go on without him. And they did. The Pony came, and the boy mounted on its back, and away they went swiftly across the plain. At night they caught up with the people, and the Pony stayed outside the camp. In the morning it happened as before. So it was for four days.

On the fourth night, the Pony said: "My Son, take me into the camp, so that the people may see what a nice Pony you have. The Chief will hear about me, and wish to buy me. He will offer you several horses. Take them, and let him have me in exchange. But he will not keep me long!"

So the boy rode the Pony straight into the camp, and the people were astonished to see him on its back. When they examined it, they said: "Why, it looks like a mud pony, such as boys smooth down with their fingers. It is a wonderful pony!"

When the Chief heard about it, he sent for the

boy. He welcomed him respectfully and made him sit on a cushion. Then he said:—

“ My Son, I have sent for you to eat with me. I wish to tell you that I like your pony, and will give you four of my best horses for it.”

The boy replied: “ I have listened to the great Chief. I will let the Chief have my pony.”

The Chief was pleased, and his wife filled a wooden bowl with dried meat and soup; and put two horn spoons into the bowl. She set this before her husband and the boy, and they ate together.

After that the Chief had the four horses caught, and drove them to the boy’s tepee. He took the Pony, and led it to his own corral. He put grass before it, but it would not eat. He piled young cottonwood boughs before it, but still it would not eat.

A few days after, scouts came riding into the camp, and they said that a great herd of Buffalo was near. So the men got on their horses, and rode to the hunt, and the Chief went with them, mounted on the Mud Pony. He soon far outstripped the rest, and killed many Buffalo. But as

he was riding over the plain, the Pony staggered and nearly fell. Its feet had become unjointed, and it was ruined.

Then the Chief was terribly angry, and, returning to the camp, he ordered the boy to give him back his four horses, and take the Pony. The boy was delighted, and led his Mud Pony home. In a few days it was as well as ever. Then the Chief wished to have it back, but the boy would not give it to him for any number of horses.

Well, from that day on, when the boy went hunting, mounted on the Mud Pony, he killed more Buffalo than the men did. And when he went on the war-path, no one could hurt him, but he always conquered the enemy. After a few years he became a great Chief. He still loved his Mud Pony very much, and tied Eagle feathers on its mane and tail, and covered it carefully at night with a warm blanket.

But one night, he forgot to cover it, and he had a dream. He thought that the Mud Pony came to him and said: "My Son, you are no longer poor. My doings are over. I am returning to Mother Earth, for I am a part of her."

And when he woke in the morning, he found that it was raining hard. He got up and ran to the corral to put a blanket on the Pony, but he could not find the animal anywhere. Then on the side of the hill, he saw a little pile of mud, still in the shape of a pony. And when he saw this, he went home sorrowfully to his tepee.

THE WISHES

(*Micmac*)

THIS is a tale of the old time, of Glooskap, the mighty Magician, who came from the Land of the Red Sunrise, sailing over the seas in a stone canoe.

Stately and handsome was the Magician, and very brave; and when he reached the country of the Wabanaki, he found it filled with Witches, Giants, Sorcerers, and Fiends. He pursued and killed all these evil creatures, so that the Wabanaki dwelt once more in safety.

Then Glooskap, ere he got again into his stone canoe to return to the Land of the Red Sunrise, sent his faithful messengers, the Loons, to all the Indians. And his message was that before he departed he would grant one wish to every brave who visited him in his magic lodge.

Now this magic lodge in which Glooskap dwelt was on a great island, far from men, and the way leading to it was filled with dangers and terrors.

Many braves set out to gain their wishes, but perished. At last three Chiefs, more fortunate than

the others, followed the long trail that led to Glooskap's lodge. For seven years they travelled on through the dangers and terrors, until at last they heard the barking of Glooskap's Dogs. And so they found the magic lodge, and entered it. The great Magician welcomed them, and his younger brother, Martin the Fairy, placed a feast before them. So they ate and rested.

Then Glooskap, addressing the eldest Chief, bade him tell his wish.

"My needs are few," replied the man, "but I wish to be a great hunter. I wish to excel all other men in catching and shooting game. Then the aged, the women, and the children will suffer hunger no more during the long, cold winters when the Bear sleeps and the ice, like a stone, covers the face of the stream."

At this Glooskap smiled and gave him a flute, saying: "Take this magic pipe. Its music will charm the ear of every animal that hears it and will force the creature to follow you. But do not put the pipe to your mouth until you reach your lodge."

The man took the gift, well pleased, and, thanking Glooskap, departed.

Then Glooskap bade the second Chief tell his wish.

"I am very handsome," replied the young man, "but the girls of the tribes do not think so, and I have never won a wife. I wish to have the admiration of every woman who sees me, then I can choose the wife I most desire."

At this Glooskap frowned, but he gave the young man a small bag of deerskin tightly tied. "Take this bag," said he. "Its contents will make every woman who looks upon you desire to be your wife. But do not open the bag until you reach your lodge."

The young man took the gift with delight, and, thanking Glooskap, set out on his way.

Then Glooskap bade the third Chief tell his wish.

"I am young and witty," the Chief replied, "but when I relate my tales before the lodge fire the people never laugh. I wish always to be merry-hearted, and to have the power of making old and young laugh loud and long."

Again Glooskap frowned, but he sent Martin the Fairy to seek a certain magic root in the woods. When Martin brought the root, Gloos-

kap gave it to the Chief, saying: "After you have eaten this, your mouth will utter such merry sounds that all who hear will laugh loud and long. But do not even taste the root, until you have reached your lodge."

The young man took the gift with joy, and, thanking Glooskap, set out on his way.

Now, the first Chief, the hunter, with the flute in his pocket, hastened home well content, for he knew that he could always provide food for the aged, the women, and the children. He ran swiftly along the trail, and though it had taken seven long years to reach Glooskap's lodge, it took scarcely seven days to return to his village. And when he entered his own lodge, he put the flute to his lips, and from that day he was a great hunter.

But the second Chief, who had never won a wife, did not go far along the trail before he began to desire exceedingly to see what was in the bag. Carefully he untied the string, and there flew forth hundreds of beautiful maidens, like a cloud of white Doves. With sparkling eyes and flowing hair they circled about his head singing

sweetly. Then winding their arms around him, they kissed him until he was smothered. And so he perished.

As for the third Chief, who wished to make all laugh loud and long, he hastened along the trail with the root in his pocket. Forgetting what Glooskap had commanded him, he drew forth the root and, putting it in his mouth, ate it. Scarce had he done so when wild and piercing sounds came from his lips. But he walked gayly onward, thinking to make all who heard laugh loud and long. The animals bounded away in terror before him, and as he neared his village the people fled with shouts. And when darkness came, an evil Spirit of Night swooped down and bore him away to its hole, and he was never seen again among men.

Then Glooskap, the mighty Magician, arose and left his magic lodge. He made a rich feast by the shore, and invited all the animals to it. After which he entered his stone canoe, and, singing sweetly, sailed away over the seas, from the Country of the Wabanaki to the Land of the Red Sunrise.

THE MIKUMWESS

(*Micmac*)

IN those far-off days, before Glooskap, the mighty Magician, set sail in his stone canoe for the Land of the Red Sunrise, there were Fairies and Elves living in the green forests of the Wabanaki. Very wonderful was the music they made on magic flutes of reed, and with their melody they could charm men and beasts.

When these Fairies were pleased with an Indian brave they gave him a magic flute. And if they grew to love him, they made him a Fairy like themselves, and called him a Mikumwess.

Now, in those far-off days there dwelt two youths in a village of the Wabanaki. One, whose name was Little Thunder, was full of laughter and song, and wished greatly to meet the Fairies and be made a Mikumwess.

The other youth, who was called the Badger, loved Brown Fawn, the beautiful daughter of a great Chief. The Badger wished to have her for his wife, but he heard that her father was a cruel

man, and set such difficult tasks for his daughter's suitors, that they all perished in attempting them.

One day a Loon came to the village of the Wabanaki where dwelt these two young men. It was Glooskap's messenger, and it said that the mighty Magician had promised to grant one wish to each Indian youth who would seek his magic lodge.

When Little Thunder and the Badger heard this, they decked themselves with their choicest feathers, and, armed with strong bows and arrows, they set out along the trail that led to Glooskap's lodge. Dangerous was this trail, and filled with terrors, but the two hastened bravely on, overcoming all in their way.

For seven years they travelled, until at last they reached the lodge. Glooskap, smiling, welcomed them, and Martin the Fairy set food and drink before them. Then Glooskap asked what they most desired.

"Make me a Mikumwess," said Little Thunder, "then I may help my brother the Badger to win his bride."

"All I desire is to win Brown Fawn for my wife," replied the Badger, "for I am lonely in my lodge."

Then Glooskap smiled again, and he wove a magic hair-string in Little Thunder's locks, and the young man became a Mikumwess endowed with Fairy power. After this Glooskap gave him a magic flute of reed so that he might charm all living things.

But to the Badger, Glooskap said: "The maiden is yours to win with the aid of this Mikumwess. Enter my stone canoe, and sail over the seas to the lodge of her father. Only return the canoe to me when your adventure is over, for never before did I lend it to any man."

Then Glooskap took the two youths to the sea-shore, and pointed to a small island of granite against which the foaming waves were beating. It was covered with high Pines around whose tops flew many white Gulls. "There is my canoe," said he. "Swim thither and enter it."

So the two young men threw themselves into the water, and swam out to the island. As soon as they stepped on its rocks, the island turned into

a large stone canoe, and the Pine Trees became high masts.

Rejoicing, the Mikumwess and the Badger sailed away across the seas. They sailed for many days until at last they reached the land where was the village of the cruel Chief.

They drew the stone canoe up on the beach, and hid it under some bushes. Then they entered the village and sought the lodge of the Chief. He welcomed them gravely, and placed them in the seat of honour. After which he asked them what was their errand.

The Mikumwess answered: "This, my brother the Badger, is tired of living alone. Give him Brown Fawn to follow him to his lodge."

"Brown Fawn may go with him," answered the Chief courteously, "if to-morrow he brings me the head of the Yellow Horned Serpent that dwells in the great cave by the sea."

To this the young men agreed, and were given a lodge to sleep in.

When the night was very dark, the Mikumwess arose, and, leaving the Badger asleep, went alone to the great cave by the sea. Across its entrance

he laid a log, and then began to dance a magic dance before it, playing on his Fairy flute.

When the Yellow Horned Serpent heard the strange music, he was charmed, and came creeping out, waving his head from side to side. Then he rested his head on the log, and the Mikumwess quickly cut it off with his hatchet.

Taking the head by one of its shiny yellow horns, he carried it to the Badger. And when morning was come, the two bore the head and laid it before the Chief.

And when the old man saw it, he was astonished and thought to himself, "I fear I shall lose my child!"

But he said to the Badger, "Young man, if you wish to win your wife, you must coast down yonder hill with two of my bravest warriors."

Now, the hill was really a very high mountain, its sides jagged with broken rocks and terrible with tree-roots and ice. Two sleds were brought and taken to the top of the mountain; and the Mikumwess and the Badger were placed upon one, and on the other were seated two powerful Magicians. At a word from the Chief the two

sleds were sent flying down the mountain-side. Faster and faster they flew as if to death.

Soon the Badger went whirling from his sled and fell on the ice, and the Magicians shouted with delight; but they did not know that the Mikumwess had done this so that he might get the Magicians' sled in front of him.

The Mikumwess turned aside, and, putting out his hand, drew the Badger on the sled, and as he did so, the Magicians shot by, mocking loudly. Then the Mikumwess's sled suddenly bounded into the air and flew over the heads of the Magicians, nor did it stop at the foot of the mountain, but sped up the hill opposite and struck the side of the Chief's lodge, ripping it from end to end.

And when the old man saw this, he thought to himself, "This time I feel sure I shall lose my child!"

But he said to the Badger: "There is a man in this village who has never been beaten at running. You must overcome him, if you wish to win your wife."

To this the young men agreed, and went to the place where the race was to start. And the

Mikumwess lent his magic flute to the Badger to give him Fairy power.

And when the racer from the village came, the Badger asked him, "Who are you?"

And the racer answered, "I am the Northern Lights."

"And I," said the Badger, "am the Chain Lightning."

And they ran.

In an instant they were no longer to be seen, but were beyond the distant hills. And the Chief, with the Mikumwess and all the people, sat and waited till noon, when Chain Lightning, who was the Badger, returned. He was not out of breath, nor weary, though he had run all around the world.

But Northern Lights came not. When evening drew near they saw him come quivering and panting with fatigue, yet for all that he had not been around the world, but had been forced to turn back.

And when the old man saw that Chain Lightning had won, he thought to himself, "Alas! This time I have surely lost my child!"

But he said to the Badger, "To win your wife, young man, you must overcome a great warrior who swims and dives so excellently that no one has ever equalled him."

To this the young men agreed, and the next morning they went to the seashore, where the test was to be. The Mikumwess again lent the Badger his fairy flute.

And when the diver from the village came, the Badger asked him, "Who are you?"

And the diver replied, "I am the Sea Duck."

"And I," said the Badger, "am the Loon."

So they dived.

And after a short time the Sea Duck rose for breath; but the people who sat there, with the Chief and the Mikumwess, had long to wait for the Loon. Hour after hour passed, but he came not. At last he rose to the surface, and was not out of breath.

And when the old man saw this he groaned and said, "Oh, Badger, I have lost my child!"

Then the wedding-feast was prepared, and the Chief brought Brown Fawn from the lodge and gave her to the Badger. And in the evening

the feast was held and a great dance; and the Mikumwess astonished all who saw him, for he danced a deep trench in the ground around the lodge.

And when the morning was come the Mikumwess, together with the Badger and Brown Fawn, entered the stone canoe, and set sail for the country of the Wabanaki. And when they reached the shore they found Glooskap, the mighty Magician, waiting for them.

And, smiling, he said to the Mikumwess, "Go your way in the forest and join the band of Fairies, and be always happy with your magic flute."

Then to the Badger he said: "Welcome once more to the Land of the Children of Light. Take your wife, Brown Fawn, and return to your lodge. Plenty of game shall always be yours, and peace and contentment."

Then the Mikumwess disappeared in the forest; and the Badger, leading Brown Fawn, returned to his lodge in the village of the Wabanaki.

THE FIRST PINE TREES

(*Micmac*)

THIS is another tale of the old time, before Glooskap, the mighty Magician, set sail in his stone canoe for the Land of the Red Sunrise.

There were three brothers dwelling together. And when they heard that Glooskap had promised to fulfil the wish of any warrior who reached his magic lodge, they decided to brave the dangers in the way.

The first brother was very tall, far above all his fellows, and vain of his height. To make himself look even taller, he put bark in his moccasins, and plastered his hair to stand high, and on the very top he stuck a long Turkey feather. But he wished to be taller yet, so that all the squaws would admire him.

The second brother wished that he might remain forever in the forest, beholding its beauty, and that he need never work again.

The third brother wished to live to a very old age, and always to be in perfect health.

So the three brothers started on their way along the dangerous trail that led to Glooskap's lodge. They came to an exceedingly high mountain in a dark and lonely land. The side of the mountain was as smooth as iron, and the other side was worse, for there the trail led between the heads of two huge Serpents, who darted out their fearful tongues. After that, the trail passed under the Wall of Death which hung over it like a cloud, rising, and falling, and rising again. And if it happened that any man passed beneath the cloud as it fell, he was crushed to death.

But the three brothers escaped all these perils of the trail, and came to the island where Glooskap dwelt. The mighty Magician welcomed them, and bade his younger brother, Martin the Fairy, place food before them. And after they had eaten and were refreshed, they told their wishes.

Now, in another lodge near by lived Cuhkw the Earthquake. He could pass along the face of the land, and make all things shake with terror. Glooskap called Cuhkw, and bade him take the three brothers, and plant them with their feet in the ground. Immediately Cuhkw came rushing from

his lodge, and, seizing the three, planted them in the forest. And they became three straight Pine Trees.

The first brother, who wished to be exceedingly tall, was the highest Pine Tree on earth. His head rose above the forest and the wind whistled through his boughs. And to-day his Turkey feather may be seen waving in the air.

The second brother, who wished to remain in the forest, and admire its beauty without working, could never leave it again; because his roots were fastened deep in the ground.

The third brother, who wished to live to a very old age, in perfect health, gained his desire. To-day he stands hale and hearty in the forest, unless men have cut him down.

And if you go into the forest, you may see the tallest Pine Tree with his Turkey feather waving in the wind; and the Tree murmurs all day long, in the Indian tongue:—

“Oh! I am such a great Indian!—
Oh! I am such a tall man!”

THE HIDDEN WATERS

(*Iroquois*)

IT was Winter, and the snow lay thick and white on the ground, while the cold wind blew from the north. In a village of the Iroquois there was sickness and little food. In the lodge of the handsome young brave Nekumonta, his wife, the gentle Shanewis, lay fading away. And when Nekumonta saw her suffering, his heart filled with grief.

“Surely,” he cried, “I must find the Healing Herbs the good Manitou has planted! Even if they lie hidden under the snow, I must search and find them!” So he covered his wife with warm furs, and placed what food he had beside her. Then, taking his staff and his snowshoes, he bade her good-bye, and set out on his search.

All day long he wandered eagerly through the forest, skimming over the shining white surface. And though he sought everywhere, he could not find the Healing Herbs. The snow lay deep on the ground, and with a soft mantle covered trees and bushes. Not even the tiniest leaf showed

above the white covering. Thus for three days and two nights he wandered vainly through the forest.

A small, grey Rabbit crossed his path, and he cried, "My little Brother, tell me where the Healing Herbs are that the good Manitou has planted!"

But the Rabbit did not answer. It only scurried away, for it knew that the Herbs were still in the Winter ground, and it was sorry for Nekumonta.

Then he passed by the den of a Bear, and stopped at the entrance. "My brown Brother," said he, "tell me where the Healing Herbs are that the good Manitou has planted!"

But the Bear did not answer, for it was asleep, waiting for the Springtime to come.

Then he called to the Deer, as it came leaping through the forest, "My swift Brother, surely you know where the Healing Herbs are that the good Manitou has planted!"

But the Deer did not answer, and went bounding away, for it knew that the wind blew too cold for the little Herbs to come up.

So Nekumonta called to the Squirrel and the

Winter Birds, and to all the other forest creatures, but they gave him no answer.

And when the third night was come, he was weary and weak, for he had eaten no food. Despairing, he sank down upon the soft breast of the snow, and soon fell asleep. The Deer saw him and gave the forest cry. Then from the bushes the wild creatures came quietly creeping, to watch over Nekumonta. With their warm breath and thick fur they sheltered him from the cold, so he slept in safety. For the animals remembered his kindness. He had never slain a creature except for food or clothes, and he loved the trees and flowers.

And while Nekumonta lay there sleeping, he dreamed that he heard sweet voices calling. They sounded like the murmurs of distant waters, and they whispered his name, and sighed:—

“ Seek us, oh, seek us, Nekumonta!
When you find us, Shanewis will live!
We are the Healing Waters,
The Gift of Manitou!”

Then Nekumonta awoke, and rose to his feet. The animals were gone, for they had slipped

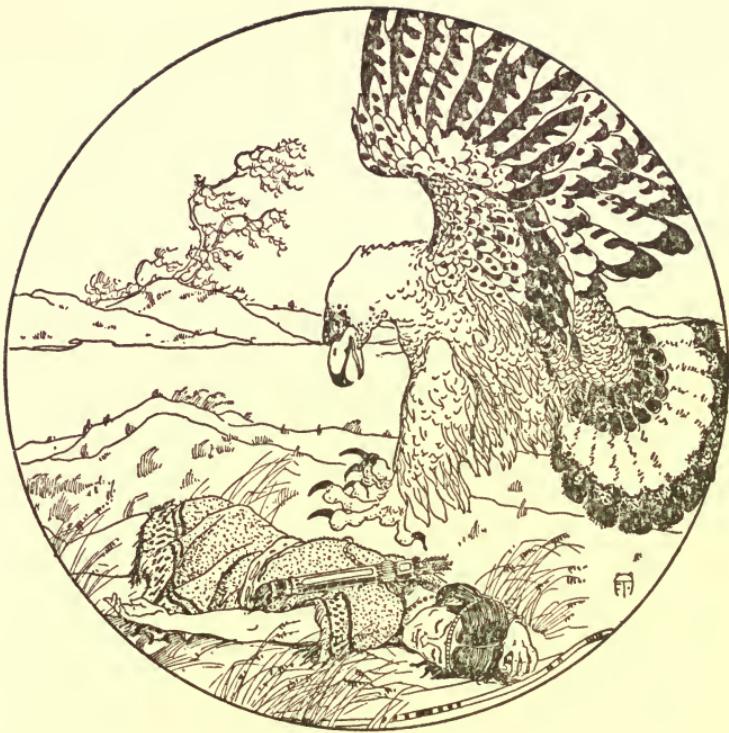
away into the forest. No waters were to be seen, but the sound of their murmurings still fell on his ear. "Release us," they seemed to sigh, "release us, Nekumonta, and Shanewis will be saved!"

The murmurings seemed to come from the ground under his feet, so he took his staff and dug through the snow and into the earth. Then a hidden spring was disclosed, and gushed from the ground. Its waters went singing joyously down a steep hillside to the valley of the Iroquois below. And wherever they passed the snow melted, and the green grass and flowers sprang up.

With thanks in his heart, Nekumonta made a jar of clay, and filling it from the spring, sped swiftly away to his lodge. He poured the Healing Waters through Shanewis's pale lips, and she fell into a health-giving slumber.

So the gentle Shanewis was saved, and the Healing Waters brought joy and Springtime to the village of the Iroquois.

JANUARY THE COLD MONTH



JOWIIS AND THE EAGLES

(Iroquois)

ONE day in the long time ago, Jowiis, an Indian lad, was hunting in the woods. It was cold and rainy weather, and the floods had wiped out all the trails. There was no Sun or Moon in the black Sky to guide him, and soon he lost his way. So he wandered for days, until hungry and faint, he fell upon a river-bank to die.

Then Donyondo, the Bald Eagle, swift of flight and keen of eye, saw the lad lying on the bank. Though the bird was proud, his heart throbbed with pity at the sight of the dying Jowiis. Dropping down, and lifting him, he flew away to search for an Indian village. As he looked down toward the Earth he discovered smoke rising from some lodges. Alighting near them, he laid Jowiis on the ground, and slowly winged away.

But the rain was still falling, and no one saw the dying boy. Then Sagodaoh, the Hunting Vulture, as he flew close to the Earth looking for prey, saw and pitied Jowiis. The bird's heart was tender and his talons strong, and he gently lifted the lad, and soared with him into the Land of the Sky Birds. And he carried him to the lodge of Gadojih, the Golden Eagle, who was the Chief of all the birds.

Gadojih gave Jowiis food and warmed his body, and grew to love him. And when the lad was restored to health, Gadojih took him to the Council House of the Sky where all the birds were celebrating the New Year feast.

They taught Jowiis their dances, and the bird-

songs, and they instructed him in the laws of the birds — how to protect them in nesting-time, how to shelter and feed them during the cold Winter when the snow lies deep on the ground. All this they taught Jowiis while the Seven Star Brothers danced their New Year Dance above the Council House of the Sky. And after that Gadojih, the Golden Eagle, bade Sagadaoh, the Hunting Vulture, return Jowiis to the Earth. And the lad nestled close under the wing of the bird while it flew swiftly downward.

Earth was sleeping beneath her snow blanket when Jowiis returned. Her streams were frozen, and her forests silent, except for the shrill voice of the wind as it moaned through the bare branches. And the Indians were holding a feast in their Council House, when Jowiis entered it.

They welcomed him with joy, and he told them all his adventures. Then he taught them the dances of the birds and all their laws. And while the white snow lay deep upon the earth, Jowiis and the Indian lads daily scattered corn and grains for the hungry birds. And when Summer came, Jowiis sang the joyous bird-songs in the forest.

SHINGEBISS

(*Chippewa*)

ONCE Shingebiss, the Wild Duck, lived alone in a little lodge by the side of a bay. It was cold Winter weather, and the ice lay thick on the water. But Shingebiss did not fear the cold, for his lodge was snug and warm, and his fire burned bright. He had four big logs, each of which would burn for a month.

So Shingebiss was hardy and happy, and no matter how bad the weather was, he went each day out on the ice, and, pulling up the rushes with his bill, dived through the hole he had made. Thus he caught many Fish, and got plenty of food.

One day the Northwest Wind came blustering from the Northland. He blew over the Earth, and at the touch of his icy breath the forest creatures shivered and crept into their holes. Then he blew across the bay, and around the lodge of Shingebiss. But the little Wild Duck did not care. He went out on the ice just the same, and pulling up the rushes, dived down and fished. And as he

dragged a string of Fish to his warm lodge, he sang:—

“O Northwest Wind, I know your plan!
You are but my fellow-man!”

“Hi! Ho!” said the Northwest Wind; “but this is a brave Duck! He does not seem to mind the cold. But I’ll blow my hardest and freeze his blood.”

So he blew ten times colder blasts, and piled up the drifting snow, and filled the air with ice-needles that stung the face.

But Shingebiss did not mind it at all, and he searched the ice for more rushes, and, diving through the hole, caught many Fish. Then, as he went home dragging a bigger string than usual, he sang:—

“Blow you may, your coldest breeze,
Shingebiss you cannot freeze!”

“Hi! Ho!” said the Northwest Wind; “I will visit his lodge, and freeze his fire.” So he went to the door of Shingebiss’s lodge, and blew a terrible blast straight through it.

But Shingebiss only stirred his fire the more,

and the flames sprang up and cooked his Fish, and made the lodge warmer. And as he did so, he sang : —

“ Sweep the strongest wind you can,
Shingebiss is still your man ! ”

Then the Northwest Wind grew very angry, and, entering the lodge, sat down and blew into the fire.

But Shingebiss stirred it again, and the flames leaped up and roared, and threw out a fearful heat. And as he did so, he sang : —

“ Hi! for life! And ho! for bliss!
Who so free as Shingebiss! ”

The tears began to flow down the cheeks of the Northwest Wind, and he felt that he was melting away. “ Hi! Ho! ” said he; “ I can’t stand this! ” So he flew out of the door. In a great rage he rushed over the bay, and made the ice thicker and piled the snow higher.

But all the happier was Shingebiss! He searched the ice for rushes, and dived and fished. And as he went back to his snug, warm lodge, he sang : —

“ Northwest Wind, I know your plan!
You are but my fellow-man!
Blow you may, your coldest breeze,
Shingebiss you cannot freeze.
Sweep the strongest wind you can,
Shingebiss is still your man.
Hi! for life! and ho! for bliss!
Who so free as Shingebiss!”

“ Hi! Ho!” said the Northwest Wind; “ he certainly is a wonderful Duck! I cannot freeze nor starve him; so I ’ll let him alone.” And he rushed blustering back to his home in the North-land.

THE BOY IN THE JUG

(*Hopi*)

ONCE, long ago, in a Hopi village, a beautiful maiden lived with her old father. They had no one to hunt for them, or provide them with food, so the good people of the tribe gave them what they could spare.

One day the maiden saw the women making earthen jugs, and she said to herself, "I will make one too." So she took some clay, and kneaded it, and shaped it into a beautiful jug with two handles. Then she put it to bake. But when she went to fetch it home, she heard something cry inside it. She looked in, and what did she see but a little boy no bigger than her thumb.

She tried to take him out of the jug, but it was a magic one, and she could not do so. She took the boy in the jug home, and fed him on bits of food, and made him some pretty little clothes, saying, "Now I am your mother, and my old father is your grandfather."

The days passed and the boy grew bigger until

his head reached the top of the jug, and when he wished to move about the house, he spun the jug around and around, and that is the way he walked.

Well, a Winter came when it was very cold, and the people had nothing to eat. So the young men of the tribe took their bows and arrows and started out to hunt. When the boy saw this, he said to his grandfather, "Give me a bow and arrows, for I want to hunt."

So his grandfather made him a fine red bow, and tied bright feathers to the arrows, and fastened them to the handles of the jug. Then he lifted up the boy in the jug, and carrying him outside the village, set him on the ground. "Now you may hunt," said he, "and you will soon see many Rabbit tracks."

The boy began to spin his jug, and he spun so fast that he left his grandfather far behind. Sure enough, in a little while he saw some tracks, and there was a Rabbit running away. The boy spun his jug harder, and it moved so fast that its mouth whistled like the wind.

Soon the boy in the jug caught up with the Rabbit, and the little creature, springing into the

air, leaped into a bush. The jug, also, rose in the air, to spring into the bush, but fell to the ground with a crash. It split in two, and out bounced the boy — a full-grown Hopi lad!

He unfastened the bow and arrows from the handles of the jug, and following the Rabbit, killed it. Then he shot a dozen more, and tying them together, carried them back to the village.

When his mother saw him coming, she could not believe her eyes for joy. She ran out to meet him, and took the Rabbits, saying, "Now that I have this full-grown son, I shall never be hungry again!"

The grandfather, too, came hurrying to the door, as fast as his old legs could carry him. And when he saw the Rabbits, he said: "Thank you, thank you! Now you may hunt with the young men, and your mother and I will be glad!"

So after that, the boy hunted with the others, and his mother and his old grandfather always had plenty to eat.

THE BROTHER AND SISTER

(*Arapaho*)

THERE were three streams all flowing east, and near them a tribe of Indians was camping. A brother and sister were playing at a distance from the camp, and a Chief passed by them. The children called him saucy names and he was very angry. Going to the camp he bade all the people pack up, and move to another camping-ground. Before moving away, the people took the two children who had been saucy to the Chief, and tied them each to a pole. They leaned the poles against some trees, and leaving the children to die, they took their goods, and went to another place.

Well, the poor children suffered hunger and thirst, and wept bitterly. At last an old Wolf, the Chief of all the Wolves, saw them, and he said to himself, "How pitiful these children are!" Then he cried out to the pack, "Come, all ye Wolves, from all directions!"

In a minute Wolves and Coyotes came running

from every part of the Earth, and the old Wolf said to them: —

“ I pity these children. Seize the poles and lower them slowly. Then chew off the ropes and free the children.”

The Wolves and the Coyotes did as he told them to do, and loosed the children. But when the boy and girl saw all the wild animals running about them, they were terribly frightened, for they thought that they would surely be eaten. But the old Wolf said: —

“ Do not be afraid ! Stay with us, and we will care for you.” After that he called four big Wolves from the pack, and said: “ You, Clouded Wolf, who are above all others in daring deeds, provide food for this boy and girl. White Wolf, I want you also to look for food for them. Black Coyote, go out and find meat. And you also, Black Wolf, who are brave and cunning, provide meat for them.”

Immediately the four big Wolves ran away, and soon came back laden with the best parts of a Buffalo; and piled all the meat in front of the children.

The brother and sister ate, and were made strong again. Then the old Wolf told them to go into the timber near by, and live there; and he said that he would stay with them.

It was now Winter. The boy got together some poles and made a frame for a brush house; while his sister gathered long reeds, and with them thatched the house. She made a door of brush and sticks, and inside she put brush for two beds. They then made a nice comfortable bed near the door where the old Wolf might sleep.

When the house was finished, it began to snow. They all went in, and the old Wolf said, "I am feeble, and suffer much from cold. I have no strength, no swiftness, no warmth. If it were not for your kindness I should be out in the snow. Therefore I thank you for letting me live with you in this comfortable house."

So that night the Wolf slept by the door, the girl slept on the north side of the house, and the boy at the back.

Well, in the morning the boy was the first to get up to make the fire; and he looked out, and the snow was over all the land. And what was

his surprise to see great herds of Elk near by. The whole snow was yellow with them as far as he could see. In the timber, on the banks of the rivers, and everywhere, the Elk were standing, walking, or lying down.

The boy shut the door quickly, and said to his sister, "Get up! There are herds of Elk close by."

"Why should I get up?" said she; "I can't do anything."

But the boy answered, "Just get up and look at them anyway."

"I can't do anything by looking at them," said she.

"My Grandchild," called the old Wolf, "get up and look at the Elk."

So she rose, and opened the door; and as soon as she looked at an Elk, it fell down dead. Then she gave her brother a flint knife with a bone handle, and he ran out into the snow, and skinned the Elk as easily as if he had always known how to do it.

As soon as he had skinned the animal, he threw its hide into the house, and the girl folded it three times, and sat on it. Immediately the hide be-

came a soft and beautiful skin, all dressed ready for use. Then the girl looked at more Elk, and they fell down dead; and the boy skinned them; and so she did until they had thirty-six skins. They next sliced the meat, and hung it to dry on the trees near the three streams.

After that the girl took some of the thirty-six skins, and piling them one on the other, she sat on them, saying, "I wish that all these skins may be sewed together for a tent." And when she got up, and spread them out, they had become a tent with a bird ornament on top, and four round ornaments on the sides, and rattles over the door.

Then the girl said, "I wish for twenty-nine straight tent poles." And when she went outside, there were the tent poles made of otter-weeds. Soon the tent stood covered, and was very handsome.

Then the girl folded three skins, and sat on them, saying, "I wish for a wall-hanging embroidered with Porcupine quills of every colour." And it was so, for when she got up the Elk skins were changed into a beautiful hanging,

which she fastened behind her brother's bed. Then she folded three more skins, and sat on them, and wished for an embroidered hanging for her bed, and she got it. After that she did the same to more skins, and wished for an embroidered and ornamented blanket, and she gave that to the old Wolf.

Well, after seven days it snowed again, and when the boy got up to make the fire, he looked out and saw the snow over all the land. And what was his surprise to see great herds of Buffalo near by. The whole snow was black with them.

He waked his sister, and bade her get up, but she said: "What can I do? You have broken my sleep. Let me sleep longer."

"My Grandchild," called the old Wolf, "get up and look at the Buffalo."

So she rose, and opened the door, and as soon as she looked at some of the Buffalo, they fell down dead. The boy skinned the animals, and brought in their hides. The girl took one, and folded it three times, saying, "I wish this to become a robe with bird ornaments." Then it became an embroidered robe, and she gave it to

her brother. Then she took another skin and did the same, saying, "I wish this to be a painted robe for myself." And it turned into a robe; and when she spread it out the painting was seen bright and beautiful. Then she took another skin, and, in the same manner, made it a robe with red and yellow embroidery at the four corners, and eight lines of embroidery across it, and between them black lines painted with charcoal. This she gave to the old Wolf.

After that she made three pillows for the beds. On the one for her brother was the picture of an animal embroidered in yellow quills. The eye was dark with yellow quills around it. On the throat were a hundred bars of yellow quills. The ear was a yellow cross of quill-work. The head was round, and the tail and nose were bars of yellow quills. All around the edge of the pillow were fifty bars of yellow quills. The pillow for the girl was white, embroidered with an animal made of black and white bars of quill-work; while the pillow for the old Wolf was very beautiful, embroidered with red and yellow quills.

Well, after seven days it snowed again, and

when the boy got up in the morning to make the fire, he looked out and saw the snow covering the land. And what was his surprise to see more herds of Elk near by. The snow was yellow with them. He called his sister, and the old Wolf bade her rise and look at the animals, and she did. Immediately some of them fell down dead. Then as before, the girl folded, and sat on their skins, and wished for a fine hunting-shirt for her brother, embroidered in circles of red and yellow quills, with fringes along the edge, and tufts of long hair hanging between the fringes. Then she wished for leggings for him, and a pair of moccasins embroidered with birds. For herself she wished for a woman's dress handsomely embroidered, and with four rows of fringes, also for leggings and moccasins. As the old Wolf could not wear clothes, she of course did not wish for any garment for him.

Then the boy said, "I wish I could have for a Dog a Panther of yellow colour with white sides." His sister went outside the tent, and called, "Come, Panther of yellow colour with white sides!" And immediately the Panther came

walking through the timber, slowly twisting his tail. He entered the tent, and lay down by the boy, and put his head on the boy's knee.

Then the boy said, "I wish you could have for a Dog a Bear with white streaks down his fore legs, and whose claws are white with black streaks." So his sister went outside the tent, and called, "Come, Bear with white streaks down your fore legs, and with claws white with black streaks." And immediately the Bear came pacing through the timber, and sat down at the foot of the girl's bed.

After that the brother and sister lived very happily with the old Wolf, the Panther, and the Bear. They had plenty to eat, for the dried meat was piled up before the door of the tent, and there was meat still hanging from the trees.

One day two Indians from the tribe that had deserted the children, happened to be hunting by the streams, and they saw the handsome tent in the timber. They went toward it, and, lo, there were the boy and girl beautifully dressed; while on one side of the tent sat the Panther, and on the other side the Bear, and the old Wolf was lying just in front of the door.

Well, when the animals saw the men, the old Wolf rose up growling, the Panther crouched to spring, and the Bear stiffened his hair. The men were very much frightened, but the boy told the animals to lie down, and he invited the men into the tent. The girl bade them be seated, and gave them pemmican in wooden bowls.

Now the men saw the wonderful tent and all its fine furnishings, and they looked at the great pile of dried meat before the door, and said to the children that they would return at once to the tribe, and tell the people to come and see them. But the girl said that if they came, they must camp down by the streams, and not approach the tent, or the animals would kill them.

So the men went back to the people, and the tribe came to the streams, and made their camp. And though they could see the beautiful tent in the distance, they dared not approach it for fear of the animals.

But the brother and sister gave some of their meat to the people, and after that the two continued to live happily in their tent, guarded by the faithful old Wolf, the Panther, and the Bear.



IMMEDIATELY THE BEAR CAME PACING THROUGH
THE TIMBER

$$\begin{aligned} & \frac{\partial}{\partial t} \left(\frac{1}{2} \langle \nabla u, \nabla u \rangle \right) - \Delta \left(\frac{1}{2} \langle \nabla u, \nabla u \rangle \right) + \frac{1}{2} |\nabla^2 u|^2 \\ & \leq C \left(\frac{1}{2} \langle \nabla u, \nabla u \rangle + \frac{1}{2} |\nabla^2 u|^2 \right) + C_1 \end{aligned}$$

THE SNOW MAN

(*Menominee*)

ONCE there was a hunter who with his family lived in a lodge apart from the other lodges of his village. And why he lived apart was this:—

One day in the early Spring he was hunting in the woods. The Sun shone warmly, and the snow was melting. As he walked along he heard the lumps of snow go “Snip! Snap!” with a zipping sound.

“Ah! Ha! Master Snow,” laughed he, “so you are afraid of the Sun, are you!”

Immediately a voice replied: “Oh, you need not speak that way to me! I come because I am sent by my master the North; he tells me to stay only a little while, and I must obey him. The Sun helps me to disappear. But since you have made fun of me, I will put you to a test. **NEXT WINTER, BEWARE!**”

The hunter stopped, stared, and listened, but did not see any one. And as he turned to hurry away from the spot, he heard the voice say again:

"We shall see who is the greater, you or I! NEXT WINTER, BEWARE!"

The man was frightened out of his senses, and ran home with all speed, and when he reached his lodge in the village, he told his wife and children all about it. After that he went to the next lodge, where lived a very old man together with some ancients, and told them what had happened.

"If you heard the Snow Man speak," said the ancients, "what he said he will do, that he will do!"

But the old man said: "It is no wonder that the Snow Man was angry with you if you made fun of his melting away. But since he has made a wager with you, my Grandson, you must be ready to meet him next Winter. Indeed, all your time from now on must be spent in getting ready."

"What shall I do to get ready?" asked the hunter.

"You must begin now," said the old man, "to kill Deer, Bear, Buffalo, and all other large creatures that you can find. You must press out their fat and oil, and put it all in skin bags. You must also fill some bags with pitch. Then you must

cut and lay aside a great deal of gummy wood full of knots. After that you must build yourself a lodge apart from every one, with a door to the south. Take Pine pitch and fill up all the cracks in the walls, and hang a closely braided mat before the door, so that nothing can get through. Inside you must build a fireplace with a small smoke-hole. Then carry into the lodge your supply of wood and the skins full of fat, oil, and pitch. You will need all you can get, for the contest will be long and hard."

"All right, Grandfather," said the hunter. And the poor fellow immediately fell to work, and spent the whole Summer and Autumn hunting by night, and cutting wood and preparing the other things by day. He made a great quantity of grease and tallow cakes and bars of all sizes, and filled skin bags with oil and pitch. And he built his lodge as the old man had told him to do.

Well, as Winter approached, the hunter trembled with fear, and bidding his family good-bye, entered the lodge and shut himself in. At first he made only a little fire, but by and by, as the cold increased, he heaped on more wood.

One night a fierce wind arose, and tore around outside the lodge, shrieking, "Boo-oo-oo-oo!"

"He is coming, now!" thought the hunter. But no one came.

Then the wind blew and blew and blew,— "Boo-ooo-oo-oo-oo-oooooo!"—and the hunter felt himself getting very cold, so he made a rousing fire. The trees and bushes outside snapped and cracked louder and louder, as the wind tore through them. "He is surely coming, now!" thought the hunter. But no one came.

The hunter stirred the fire, and the cold grew worse and worse, and the wind howled and shrieked, and tore the trees apart. "I wonder what he looks like," thought the hunter. But no one came.

The time seemed very short, but it was already Mid-Winter, and the hunter did not know it!

Well, at last *he saw him*. In the tightly pitched and chinked lodge, with its closely woven mat over the door, a Manlike-Object-of-Snow walked about. It passed close to the hunter, and at the same moment its icy breath filled the lodge, and the fire began to go out.

But the hunter rose up, and threw on more wood keeping back the better sort. The Manlike-Object-of-Snow sat down opposite him, and stared at him with its icy eyes. The lodge grew colder and colder, and the hunter shook in every limb, and the fire shrank and almost went out. But the hunter remembered what the old man had said, and he piled on more wood.

The time seemed very short, but the Winter was almost over, and the hunter did not know it!

After that he felt his limbs getting numb, so he piled on the best wood, and stirred the fire, and the flames sprang up and threw out heat. And the Snow Man groaned. Then the hunter began to throw the grease and tallow on the flames, and they shot up and blazed and sputtered, and threw out a fearful heat. And the Snow Man groaned again, but still he sat there with his icy stare, and his breath numbed the hunter's limbs.

The time seemed very short, but Winter was just over, and the hunter did not know it!

At last the man began to throw on the pitch, and piled up his largest logs, and the Snow Man groaned horribly, and grew smaller and smaller,

and gasped and groaned again. Then the hunter poured on the oil, and soon only a little lump of ice lay where the Snow Man had sat. At that a voice cried out:—

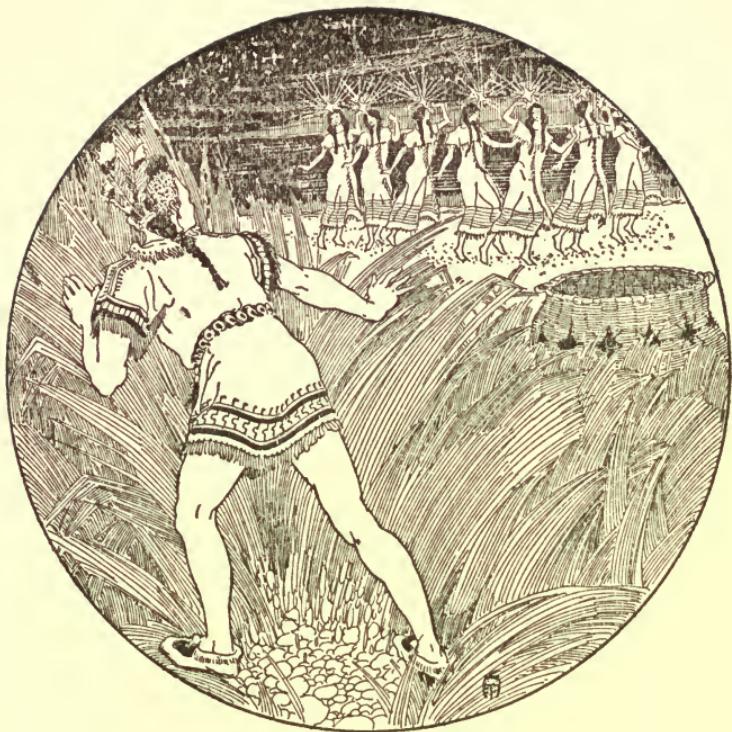
“Ho, my Grandson! You have conquered! You are greater than I, so I give up to you!”

But the man did not stop. He continued to pour on his oil, and throw on the pitch, and heap on wood; and the Snow Man cried:—

“Oh, stop, my Grandson! I have spoken the truth. I will return to the North where I have power. And you shall live in this lodge, and become a great hunter. Your wife and children may always go barefooted in the snow, and I will not hurt them. Your name from now on shall be ‘The-Man-who-Mastered-the-Winter.’”

Then the Snow Man disappeared, and the hunter lifted the mat at the door. And, lo, the Sun shone, the grass was green, the flowers were blooming, the birds were singing, for Winter was gone and the Springtime was there!

FEBRUARY THE MONTH OF THE SKY
AND ROCKS



THE ROLLING ROCK

(Flathead)

ONCE on a time, Coyote dressed himself in his best beaded clothes, and went for a walk. By and by he met Fox. So they went on together. Coyote had a fine new blanket, but Fox had none. Soon they came to a big smooth Rock. Coyote thought it a very nice Rock.

"Indeed," said he, "you are the nicest Rock

I have ever seen. I 'll give you my blanket to keep you warm."

So Coyote gave his blanket to the Rock. Then he and Fox went on their way.

Pretty soon it began to thunder and lighten, and the rain poured down in streams. Coyote and Fox crept under the branches of a tree, but the rain came pouring through the leaves. As Coyote had no blanket, he was afraid that his beaded clothes would be spoiled. So he said to Fox: —

"Go and ask the Rock for my blanket."

Fox ran back, and asked the Rock, and it said, "No!" Then Fox hurried to Coyote, and told him what the Rock had said.

"Go," said Coyote, "and ask it to let me have the blanket for a little while."

Fox ran back, and asked the Rock, and it said, "No!" Then Fox hurried back and told Coyote what the Rock had said.

"The Rock is very mean," said Coyote; "it might let me have the blanket for a little while! But why should I be wet, because of this greedy Rock? I 'll get my blanket!"

So off rushed Coyote, and jerked his blanket from the Rock.

Well, Coyote and Fox went on again, and soon it cleared, and the Sun shone. The two sat down on the top of a hill to smoke, when suddenly they heard a crushing, and a crashing, and an awful rumbling noise. They looked up, and there was the Rock coming toward them, rolling along as fast as it could, and breaking everything in its path.

Up jumped Coyote and Fox, frightened almost to death, and away they ran down the hill, and the Rock came rolling after them. It came so fast that Fox had just time to leap into a hole, and the Rock touched the tip of his tail as it passed him. And ever since then, the tip of Fox's tail has been white.

As for Coyote, he ran down the hill with all speed, and sprang into the river, and swam across to the other bank. The Rock plunged into the water after him and Coyote thought, "Now it will be drowned!" But it was not drowned, and swam straight across, and rolled swiftly after Coyote.

Then Coyote ran into the thick timber, for he

thought, "It cannot get through all these trees and bushes." But the Rock rolled right into the timber, and Coyote could hear the trees and bushes crackling and breaking, and he knew that the Rock was coming.

Coyote ran out on to the wide prairie, for he thought, "There is no path on the prairie, and I can run wherever I wish. The Rock cannot catch me there." But the Rock came swiftly rolling after.

Then Coyote ran and ran, until he met a huge Bear. And the Bear said, "I will save you!" So he stood in the way, and tried to stop the Rock, but it rolled right over him and went on after Coyote.

Well, Coyote ran and ran, until he met a great Buffalo. And the Buffalo said, "I will save you!" So he stood in the way to stop the Rock, but it rolled right over him, and went on after Coyote.

So Coyote ran and ran, until he came to a camp, where he met two old women with stone hatchets in their hands. The old women said, "We will save you!" Coyote ran between them, and the Rock rolled right after him. Then the old

women struck the Rock with their hatchets, and broke it all to pieces.

Coyote sat down to rest, and lick his fur, when he heard one of the old women say: "He is fat and delicious! Let us have him for dinner!" So up he jumped, and ran out of the camp and across the prairie, and the old women went without their dinner that night.

THE BOY IN THE MOON

(*Vuntakutchin*)

Do you see the mark in the middle of the Moon, that looks like a man? Well, that is really a little Indian boy. It happened this way: —

Many years ago, there lived a Vuntakutchin boy. One Winter when he saw that his people had nothing to eat, he dreamed they killed a lot of Caribou. He told his dream in the morning, and the braves set out to hunt.

But before they went, the boy made his uncle promise that he would give him the meat of the leader Caribou. The uncle killed the leader, but when he came back from the hunt, he gave the boy the wrong meat, and kept the right meat for himself.

Well, the boy felt so badly that he cried for two nights. And on the third night he disappeared. He wore Marten-skin pants, and in the morning his uncle saw the left leg of the pants, hanging to the tent pole in the hole where the smoke goes out. And when the uncle went out-

side the tent, he found that all the Caribou, which had been killed the day before, had come to life again, and run away.

As for the boy, he had gone up to the Moon, and there he is now, with one leg bigger than the other, because the right leg has pants on it. From his hand hangs a little bag full of the wrong Caribou meat, and during the Autumn and Winter, when the sky is clear, you may see him standing in the Moon.

THE DISCONTENTED ROCK

(*Iroquois*)

FROM the beginning of the Earth, Gustahote, the great Rock, had overhung the valley. He watched and guarded the land, but he was not content, and longed to be something mightier and stronger than he was.

“If I could be the wide river that flows through the valley,” he thought, “then surely I should be mighty and strong! The river winds happy and free through its broad lands; and green grass and flowers follow its course. If I could only be that river!”

And instantly Gustahote the Rock became the river. Down the valley he sped, leaping with joy, and the singing brooks from the hills ran into his stream. Through rocky gorges he tossed his foaming waves toward the Sky, and they returned to him in a rainbow spray. He wound around the bases of lofty mountains, and leaped down precipices. Then through the silent forest he glided, and the trees dipped their branches in his cool waters.

On and on he hastened, faster and faster, growing wider as he went, until at last he plunged into the billowing ocean. It encircled him with its broad, hungry arms, and drew him down and mingled his waters with the deep, so that he was the river no longer.

Then suddenly Gustahote found himself again the Rock, overhanging and guarding the valley. And he rejoiced to have escaped from the hungry deep.

But he was not content. He still longed to be something mightier and stronger than he was.

"If I could have wings, and live in the Sky," he thought, "then surely I should be mighty and strong! The Sky is open and pathless, and leads to unseen heights. It has no billowing deep to swallow the unfortunate."

And even as he thought thus, Gustahote the Rock became a bird, and the air was caressing and delicious as he tried his wings. He plumed them, and fluttered them, and, spreading them wide, soared into the Sky. Beneath him were the valleys and the forests and the mountains, growing smaller and smaller as he flew upward.

The air became cold, as he rose above the clouds and entered the Land of Mists. A whirling wind rushed past him, breaking his wings. They drooped at his sides, and he fell heavily toward the Earth. But a fiercer blast caught him, and tore his body to fragments, and whirled the pieces over and over through the endless grey Sky.

Then suddenly Gustahote found himself again the Rock, overhanging and guarding the valley. And he rejoiced that he had escaped from the pathless Sky.

But still he was not content. He longed to be something mightier and stronger than he was.

"If I could be a creature, and wander about on the Earth," thought he, "then surely I should be mighty and strong. Fair are the valleys of the Earth, and wide its green forests, and beautiful and fruitful its meadows. It has no fierce rushing wind to rend in pieces the unfortunate."

And even as he thought thus, Gustahote the Rock became a creature walking upon the Earth. He wandered up and down the world, so strange to him, and soon grew lonely and desired a companion.

First he sought the beasts, but they were too busy getting their food to stop and talk to a strange creature. After that he went to the birds, but they were nesting, and could not stop to talk to a strange creature. Weary, lonely, and despairing, he wandered about.

Then suddenly Gustahote found himself again the Rock overhanging and guarding the valley. And he rejoiced that he was a Rock once more. And he heard a voice whisper:—

“Be content, O Gustahote the Rock ! The waters may overflow you, but they cannot drown you. The Sun may look upon you with its hottest rays, but he cannot burn you. The tempest may strike you, but it cannot rend you. Old age cannot wrinkle you. The rivers may dry up in their beds, the forests may fall into dust, but you will stand stanch and true, and always watching, and forever remain unchanged and changeless.”

So Gustahote the Rock rejoiced exceedingly ; and he still overhangs and guards the valley. The river flows from him, and the Sky smiles or frowns, and the Earth heeds him not. But he is content.

LEGENDS OF THE PLEIADES

THE SINGING MAIDENS

(*Wyandot*)

ONCE the Sun and the Moon had seven little girls, as beautiful as Starlight. They were kind and loving, and as they grew older they went about the Sky Land singing so sweetly that they were called the "Singing Maidens."

The Seven Sisters often looked down upon the Earth, and longed to go there and wander about. "O Sun," said they, "let us go down to the Great Island, and sing to men."

The Sun said: "I forbid you to go down to the Great Island. Remain in your home and be content walking about the Sky Land."

But the Singing Maidens were not content; and one day, when the Sun was gone to give heat and light to the Earth, they looked down and saw a happy Wyandot village. All around it were trees full of scarlet Autumn leaves, and it stood near the shore of a lake. The glittering waves rolled over

the pebble-strewn beach, while flocks of Sea-Birds flew over the lake, or floated on the waves, and the great Herons waded about among the Water-Lily pads. Then little children ran from the village down to the shore, and swam or splashed in the waves, or tossed the scarlet leaves into the air.

And the Singing Maidens saw all this, and cried: "Here is a more beautiful land than we can find in the Sky! Let us go down and dance with the children and sing among the trees by the shore of the lake!"

So they slid down a Sunbeam to the shining sand. They sang to the laughing children, and danced on the rippling waves. And the children clapped their hands and skipped for joy, and their laughter was wafted through the trees to the lodges of the Wyandots.

Then all the people stood entranced, and said one to the other: "What sweet music is that? We have never heard such a lovely song! Come, let us see who is visiting our children." And they all went down to the shore.

And when they reached the water, they saw the

Singing Maidens. Then suddenly the Sky became black, and the loud wind roared. It was the Autumn Storm that rolled over the lake. For the Sun had seen his disobedient daughters, and had sent the Storm to carry them back to the Sky.

Very sad were the Singing Maidens when they met their angry father. "I will set you in a spot, far away," said he; "then you can never visit the Great Island again."

So he placed them in the distant Sky Land, where their bright forms may be dimly seen from the Earth. And the Pale-Face children call them "the Pleiades."

The Singing Maidens still look down with love upon the lake where they once danced and sang with the children on the shining sand.

And on calm and silent nights, the Wyandot Grandmother says to the little Indian boys and girls: "Be quiet, and sit at my feet. Soon we shall hear the Singing Maidens, as they dance in the scarlet leaves!"

LEGENDS OF THE PLEIADES

THE STAR MAIDEN

(*Wyandot*)

LISTEN to the Wyandot Grandmother, as she tells of the lovely Star Maiden: —

In the olden days when the Earth was young, an Indian brave sat at the door of his lodge, not far from a lake. Soon faint and distant sounds of music came to his ears. He looked on all sides, but could not tell from whence the sounds came. Then they grew clearer and louder, and seemed to fall from the Sky to the lake.

The young man listened closely, and thought he heard voices by the water. So he crept through the grasses and reeds that grew along the shore. And when he parted the reeds, he saw seven lovely maidens singing and dancing, hand in hand, upon the beach.

They were as beautiful as Starlight, and one was more lovely than the rest. And as the young man crept nearer, a pebble slipped beneath his hand, and at the sound the maidens sprang into

a large osier basket, that rose with them to the Sky. And so they disappeared from his sight.

The young man returned in sorrow to his lodge. All that night he did not sleep, but thought of the maiden who was lovelier than the rest. And all the next day he wandered about lonely and sad. But when evening came, he went down again to the water, and hid among the reeds.

Soon he heard the music falling sweetly from the Sky, and the osier basket came floating downward. The Seven Maidens stepped out on the beach, and began to dance and sing as before. And as the young man watched them, his delight was so great that he exclaimed with joy. The maidens heard the sound, and sprang into the basket, that rose with them to the Sky.

Again on the third night, the young man watched, and the maidens came. And as they danced to and fro, he rushed in among them. Filled with terror, they ran to their basket, and six of them sprang in, and the basket began to rise. But the young man caught the loveliest maiden by her girdle, as she clung to the side of the basket; and they were both lifted into the air.

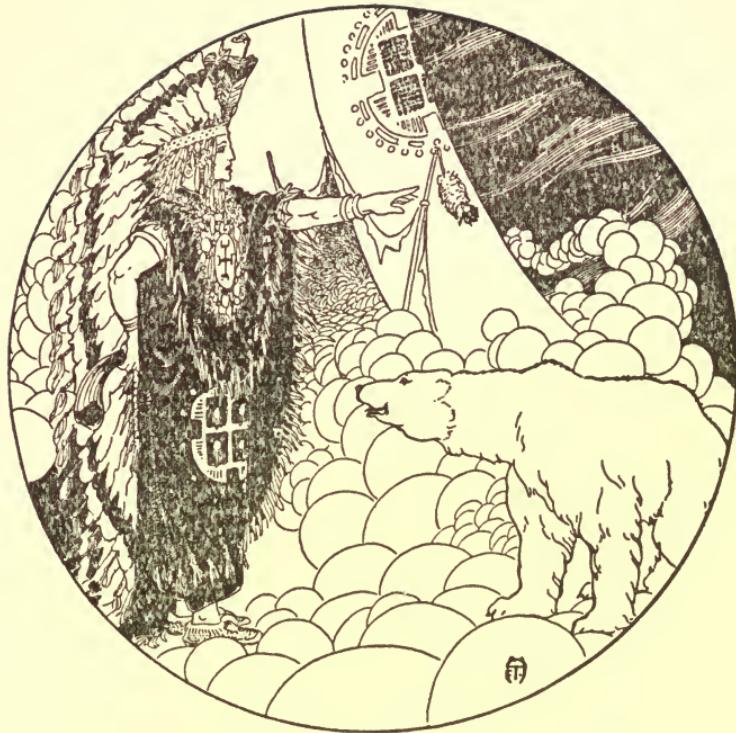
Soon she lost her hold, and they fell gently to the ground.

Then the young man led her to his lodge and begged her to become his bride. Very grieved she was, but not angry. "We are the Seven Star Sisters," she said, "the Singing Maidens. We have always lived together in the Sky Land where you have seen us dancing above you. If you will go with me to the lodge of the Sun, I will become your bride."

So the next night, when the basket descended again, the Star Maiden took the young man with her into the Sky Land, and there he saw many wonderful things. After which they returned once more to the Earth, and the Star Maiden became his bride.

That is why to-day the Indian children see only six Singing Maidens among the Pleiades; and why sometimes the shadow of the seventh is faintly seen.

MARCH THE MONTH OF THE RABBIT
AND SPRING



HOW MAPLE-SUGAR CAME

(Salteaux)

AFTER Nanahboozhoo had given the Wild Roses their thorns, he wandered about the world playing pranks on the Little People of Darkness, so that they determined to be revenged on him and kill his old Grandmother Nokomis. Nanahboozhoo loved his grandmother dearly, and when he knew that the Little People wished to hurt her,

he took Nokomis upon his strong back, and flew away with her to a forest.

Wonderful was the forest, for it was in the Autumn of the year, and the Maple Trees were all yellow, green, and crimson. From a distance they looked like a great fire. It happened that the Little People followed after Nanahboozhoo, and when they saw the bright colours of the Maples, through the haze of Indian Summer, they thought the whole world was in flames, and turned back and hid in their holes.

Nanahboozhoo was so pleased with the beautiful Maples for having saved his grandmother from the Little People that he decided to live among the trees, and he made old Nokomis a wigwam of their brightest branches.

One day, some Indians came seeking Nanahboozhoo to ask for help. They found him in his grandmother's wigwam among the yellow, green, and crimson Maples, where he received them kindly.

"O Nanahboozhoo," said they, "the Indians of the Far South have a delicious sweet thing they call Sugar, and we have nothing of the kind."

We sent runners with gifts to the South to get an abundance of Sugar for our people; but some of the runners were killed and others wounded. Tell us, therefore, O Nanahboozhoo, how we may make Sugar for ourselves."

At first Nanahboozhoo was greatly puzzled, for he had been in the Southland and knew how hard it was to make Sugar. But old Nokomis, when she heard what the Indians asked, added her pleadings to theirs, for she too had tasted Sugar and longed for more. Of course Nanahboozhoo could not refuse to help, so he thought a while, and said:—

"Since the beautiful Maples were so good to Nokomis, henceforth in the Spring of the year they shall give the Indians sweet sap. And when the sap is boiled down thick and delicious, it will cool and harden into Sugar."

Then Nanahboozhoo gave the Indians a bucket made of Birchbark, and a stone tapping-gouge with which to make holes in the tree-trunks; and he shaped for them some Cedar spiles or little spouts, to put in the holes, and through which the sap might run from the trees into buckets.

He told them, too, that they must build great fire-places in the woods near the Maple groves, and when the buckets were full of sap, they must pour it into their kettles, and boil it down. And the amount of Sugar they might boil each Spring would depend on the number of Cedar spiles and Birchbark buckets they made during the Winter.

And every Springtime since, when the Frost is going out of the ground and the Arbutus blossoms under the snow, the sweet sap mounts through the trunks of the Maple Trees, and the Northern Indians gather the sap, and say, "This is the way Nanahboozhoo taught us to make Maple-Sugar!"

MISHOSHA OR THE ENCHANTED SUGAR-MAPLE

(*Chippewa*)

VERY, very long ago, before there were so many people as now, two brothers were lost in a wide forest. They wandered on and on, not knowing where to go, and the elder often carried his little brother, when the child grew too tired to walk. Sometimes they gathered wild fruit, and sometimes they shot birds and roasted them. Day after day they plunged deeper into the forest, and night after night they slept in the branches.

At last they saw an opening through the trees, and soon they were delighted to find themselves on the shore of a beautiful lake. The elder brother wandered about picking the hips from the Wild-Rose bushes, while the little brother sat on the beach, and amused himself by shooting arrows into the sand.

One of the arrows happened to fall into the lake, and when the elder brother saw it floating

away, he sprang into the water to get it, for he had only a few arrows left.

The waves carried the arrow far from land, and the youth swam after it. But, just as he was about to grasp it, a canoe approached him, as swift as lightning. In it was an old man, who leaned over the side and seized the swimming youth. He dragged him into the canoe, which darted away across the lake.

The little brother, on the beach, fell on his knees, and wept, and stretched out his hands; while the youth besought the old man with tears: "O my Grandfather, pray take my little brother, too! Do not leave him alone to die of grief and hunger!"

But the old man only laughed a wicked laugh, "Ha! Ha! Ha!" and struck the canoe a blow, and it sped even more quickly over the water.

Soon they approached an island in the centre of the lake. It was an Enchanted Island, the abode of the old man, who was Mishosha, the evil Magician. There he lived with his two daughters. And though he was the terror of all men, his daughters were lovely and gentle.

He led the youth to his lodge, where his daughters were seated. "Rise up, my child," said he to the elder, "I have brought you a handsome husband."

But the maiden drooped her lovely head, and said never a word. She and her sister rose up, and cooked the supper. And after they had all eaten, the youth lay down in a corner of the lodge to sleep. But soon he heard the two maidens whispering together, while their father slept.

"Alas!" said the elder daughter, "our father has brought this young stranger, not to be my husband, but to kill him most cruelly! How long must we see such wickedness and do nothing!"

And when the youth heard the elder maiden speak thus, he crept to her side. He told her how Mishosha had seized him, and left his little brother to die of grief and hunger.

The maiden wept to hear this, and bade him rise up. "Go quickly," said she, "and take our father's magic canoe. Put food in it, and step in, and give it a blow. It will carry you to your little brother. Only return here before the Sun rises, and our father wakes."

So the youth rose up, and hastened and loaded the canoe with food. Then he stepped in, and gave it a blow. Straightway it sped swiftly over the waves. In a short time he drew near the beach, and there lay the little brother, who had cried himself to sleep.

The youth gave the child food, and told him to wait in patience, for soon he hoped to overcome the evil Magician. Then he would return to his little brother never to leave him again. So the child was comforted, and the youth, stepping into the canoe, gave it a blow, and it sped like lightning back to the Enchanted Island.

When the Sun rose, Mishosha awoke, and said to the youth: "Come, my Son, I want you to go with me to gather Gulls' eggs. I know an island where there are many."

So the youth, not knowing how to refuse, stepped into the canoe with the old man, who gave it a blow, and in an instant they were at the island. They found the shore covered with Gulls' eggs, while a flock of Gulls hung like a cloud over the island.

"Go, my Son," said Mishosha, "and gather the eggs for me."

The youth obeyed, but no sooner had he stepped ashore than Mishosha pushed the canoe far from land. "Listen, ye Gulls!" cried the evil one, "you have long expected a gift from me! I now give you this youth. Fly down, and devour him!" Then, striking his canoe, Mishosha darted away, laughing his wicked laugh, "Ha! Ha! Ha!"

Immediately the Gulls, like a cloud, descended, shrieking, and enveloped the youth with their wings. But he seized his knife, and severed the neck of the first bird he could grasp. He hung its skin and feathers on his breast, and cried out:—

"Thus will I treat every bird that injures me! It is not for you, O Gulls, to eat human flesh! Nor is it in the power of that wicked Magician to give me to you. Take me at once on your backs, and carry me to his lodge."

The Gulls obeyed. They drew close together so that the youth rested on their outstretched wings. And even before Mishosha could reach his home, they bore the youth quickly to the

lodge on the enchanted Island. There they set him down, and flew away.

The daughters were surprised and delighted to see him; but when Mishosha entered, he looked at him, and said never a word.

When morning came, Mishosha said: "Come, my Son, I will take you to an island covered with beautiful pebbles shining like silver. I wish you to gather some for me."

So once more the two entered the canoe, and the old man gave it a blow, and they were instantly at the island. He bade the youth go ashore, but no sooner had he done so than Mishosha pushed the canoe far from land.

"Arise, King of Fishes!" the evil one cried, "you have long expected a gift from me! I give you this youth. Arise and eat him!" Then, striking his canoe, Mishosha darted away, laughing his wicked laugh, "Ha! Ha! Ha!"

Immediately a monstrous Fish put forth his snout from the water. It was so long that it reached across the island. He opened wide his oozing jaws to seize his prey. But the youth drew his knife, and cried out: —

"Thus will I kill you! It is not for you, O Fish, to eat human flesh! Listen not to the words of the wicked one; he cannot give me to you. Take me on your back, and carry me at once to his lodge."

The King of Fishes obeyed. He lifted his back from the water, and the youth seated himself, and held on by the fins. Quickly they sped through the waves. And even before Mishosha could reach his home, the Fish placed the youth on the shore of the Enchanted Island, and swam away.

The daughters were surprised and delighted to see the youth; and when Mishosha entered, he looked at him, and said to himself: "What kind of a man is this whose power is so great! I must destroy him to-morrow!"

When the morning was come, Mishosha said: "Come, my Son, I wish you to get some young Eagles for me. I know an island where they dwell."

So again the two entered the canoe, and the old man gave it a blow, and instantly they were at the island. This time he stepped out of the

canoe, and led the youth to a tall Pine Tree. And in the topmost boughs were the Eagles' nests.

"Now, my Son," said Mishosha, "climb up the tree, and bring down the young birds to me."

The youth obeyed, climbing slowly, until he reached the nests.

"Tree! Tree!" cried the evil one, "stretch yourself toward the clouds, and grow taller and taller!"

And immediately the top of the Pine Tree stretched itself, and shot upward into the air, carrying the youth with it.

"Listen, O Eagles!" then cried the old man, "you have long expected a gift from me! I give you this youth. Tear out his eyes!" Then, entering his canoe, Mishosha gave it a blow, and, as he darted away, he laughed his wicked laugh, "Ha! Ha! Ha!"

The Eagles, uttering savage screams, circled around the youth, trying to tear out his eyes with their beaks and claws. But with his knife he cut off the head of the first bird that attacked him.

"Thus will I do," cried he, "to every bird that injures me! It is not for you, O ravenous Eagles,

to eat human flesh! Nor can Mishosha give me to you. Carry me back at once to his lodge."

The Eagles obeyed. They clustered around him, forming a seat with their backs. Then they flew with him toward the Enchanted Island. And as they crossed the lake, they passed over Mishosha lying asleep in the bottom of his swiftly moving canoe. So they reached the Enchanted Island first, and, placing the youth on the shore, flew away.

The daughters received him with joy, and when Mishosha entered, he looked at him, and thought: "Alas! Who is this, whose power is greater than mine! I cannot destroy him!"

Now, when the morning was come, the youth said to Mishosha: "My Grandfather, I have gone on perilous errands with you. To-day I must ask you to go with me. I wish to try my skill in hunting. I know an island where there is plenty of game."

The old man consented, for he thought in his heart, "I will destroy him while hunting."

So together they entered the canoe, and the youth gave it a blow, and they were instantly at the island.

They spent the day hunting, and when night came on, they set up a lodge of branches in the woods. Soon Mishosha was in deep slumber, and the youth arose. Now, the feet and legs were the only parts of Mishosha's body that were not guarded by evil spirits. So the youth took one of the Magician's leggings, and one of his moccasins, and threw them into the fire. Soon they were consumed. Then the youth lay down and slept. And while he dreamed, a great storm arose over the island. A piercing, icy wind began to blow, and sleet and snow covered the ground and bushes. And when they both woke in the morning, the deep snow was everywhere, and the cold wind was blowing.

Then the youth got up, and called Mishosha to go hunting. But the old man could not find his legging and moccasin. With despair in his heart, he was forced to follow the youth, and he stumbled and crept through the snow that clutched his bare leg like an icy hand.

Often the youth turned his head to see if Mishosha was following. He saw him falter, almost benumbed with the cold, but still he followed.

Onward they went, hour after hour, through drifts and across ice-bound pools. At length they stepped from the woods, out upon the sandy shore. The youth then saw Mishosha stand still on the shore, for he could go no farther.

The old man's legs grew stiff and fixed to the ground. But still he kept stretching out his arms, and swinging his body to and fro. Every moment a numbness crept through his limbs. His feet became roots in the earth, his legs grew together, and were covered with bark. The feathers on his head turned to leaves, and his arms to branches. And he was no longer Mishosha the Magician, but a tall and stiff Sugar-Maple tree, leaning toward the water.

Then the youth rejoiced, and sprang into the magic canoe. He gave it a blow, and soon it was at the Enchanted Island. He told the daughters what had happened, and they were happy to be rid of their wicked father. They all entered the canoe, and swiftly it darted to the beach where the little brother was waiting. And then the elder daughter married the youth; and the four lived happily together in the forest.

HOW MASTER RABBIT WENT FISHING

(*Micmac*)

IN old times, Master Rabbit lived with his grandmother in a comfortable little wigwam. In Summer it was easy for him to get food, but when Winter came and the ice was thick on the river, and the snow was deep on the plain, he and his grandmother often went hungry.

One cold day Master Rabbit was running through the forest looking for something to eat, and by and by he came to a lonely wigwam on the bank of a river. A smooth path of ice slanted from the door down to the water. And inside the wigwam sat the Otter.

Master Rabbit went in, and the Otter welcomed him, and told his daughter to get the fire ready to cook the dinner. Then the Otter took from the wall his hooks on which he strung Fish, and went to fetch a mess. He sat on the top of the icy slide and, coasting down it, plunged under the water. Soon he came back with a great bunch of Eels strung on his hooks. His daughter



SPUTTERING, SHIVERING, AND ALMOST FROZEN

dressed the Eels, and cooked them, and they all sat down to eat.

"Hi! Ho!" thought Master Rabbit, "but that is an easy way to get a living! I am clever, so why can't I do the same thing as well as this Otter? Of course I can! I'll try!" So he invited the Otter to dine with him in three days, and went home.

The next morning, Master Rabbit said to his grandmother, "Come, let us move our wigwam down to the lake." So they moved it, and he chose a spot close to the edge of the shore. Then he made a nice slide of ice, like the Otter's, from the door of the wigwam down to the water.

On the third day the Otter came, and entered the wigwam. Master Rabbit welcomed him, and told his grandmother to get the fire ready to cook the dinner.

"What am I to cook, Grandson?" asked she.

"I'll see to that," said he. And he took from the wall a stick on which to string Eels.

Then he sat on the slide and tried to coast down it, but he did not know how. First he went to the right, then he went to the left, then he spun

around. After that he shot down the slide, and went head over heels into the water. There he lost his breath ; and the water was cold, and he was almost drowned.

"What strange thing is he trying to do ?" asked the Otter.

"He must have seen some one do that," said the grandmother, with surprise, "and is trying to do the same thing."

"Is that all!" said the Otter. Then he called out to Master Rabbit, "Hi! Ho! Come out of there, and give me your Eel stick!"

So poor Master Rabbit came creeping out of the water, sputtering, shivering, and almost frozen. He limped into the wigwam, and his grandmother dried his fur, and warmed him by the fire.

As for the Otter, he plunged into the lake, and soon returned with a load of Fish. He threw them down on the floor, and went off in disgust, without waiting for dinner.

THE WOODPECKER GIRLS

(Micmac)

Now, Master Rabbit, after he had been so foolish, was not discouraged at all. And one day, when he was wandering about the wilderness, he came to a wigwam filled with pretty girls. They wore red feathers on their heads, and had long bills; and no wonder, for they were Woodpecker Girls!

As Master Rabbit was hungry and tired, he hoped that he would be asked to dinner, so he walked into the wigwam and spoke nicely to the girls. They asked him to sit down and eat with them. And so he sat down and waited.

By and by one of the girls took a little wooden dish, and ran lightly up the trunk of a tree. She stopped here and there, and tapped with her bill and pulled from the bark a lot of little insects, white like grains of rice. She filled her dish with them, and then ran down the tree, and cooked the insects for dinner.

When they had all dined, Master Rabbit said to himself, "Hi! Ho! how easily some people get

their living! What is to hinder me from doing the same?" So he asked the Woodpecker Girls to dine with him in two days, and went home.

The day came, and the girls arrived, and, entering the wigwam, sat down. Then Master Rabbit said, "Wait while I go and get the dinner."

So he took a dish, and tied an Eel spear to his nose. He climbed up a tree as best he could, and tapped with the spear; but could not find a single insect. Instead, he tore his fur and cut his nose so that the blood ran out, and stained his head. And the only part of him that looked like a Woodpecker, was his red head!

Then all the pretty girls watched him, and laughed, and said, "What strange thing is he trying to do?"

"Ah," said his grandmother, "I suppose he has seen some one do that, and is trying to do the same thing."

"Is that all!" cried the prettiest Woodpecker Girl, and she called out to Master Rabbit, "Hi! Ho! Come down from there, and give me your dish!"

So Master Rabbit, ashamed and bleeding, came

falling out of the tree, and crept into the wigwam, where his grandmother healed his head with herbs.

As for the prettiest Woodpecker Girl, she ran up the tree, and soon came back with her dish full of insects. Then all the girls, laughing hard at Master Rabbit, went off without waiting for dinner.

BAD WILD CAT

(*Passamaquoddy*)

AFTER this Master Rabbit gave up imitating other people, and studied magic instead, so that he became a great Magician. Now, his enemy Bad Wild Cat started one day to hunt him down, and Master Rabbit determined with all his might not to be caught. So he picked up a handful of magic chips, and threw one as far as he could, and jumped on it; and then he threw another, and jumped on that; so he made no tracks. And when he had got out of scent, sight, and sound, he scampered away like the wind.

As for Bad Wild Cat, he rushed through the woods to Master Rabbit's wigwam, and found him gone. Then he swore by his tail that he would catch Master Rabbit, if he had to hunt him forever. So he kept going around and around the wigwam, all the time getting a little farther and farther away, until at last he found Rabbit tracks. Then he went in hot haste after Master Rabbit.

They both ran hard until night came on, when

Master Rabbit had only time enough to trample down the snow a bit, and stick a Spruce twig in it, and sit on it.

Along came Bad Wild Cat, and when he reached the snow he found a fine wigwam, and put his head in. All that he saw was an old man, whose hair was grey, and who had two long venerable ears.

"Old man, have you seen a Rabbit running this way?" he asked.

"Rabbits! Rabbits!" said the old man. "Why, of course I have seen many. They run about in the woods here. I see dozens of them every day. But I am an old man, an old man living alone, and you are cold and hungry, so you had better stay here to-night."

Bad Wild Cat was greatly impressed, and went in and sat down. After a good supper, he lay before the fire, and having run all day, soon fell asleep.

But, oh! how miserable he was when he woke in the morning, to find himself in the open field, lying in the snow, and almost starved! The wind blew as if to kill him, and seemed to go straight through his body.

Then he saw that he had been fooled, and up he jumped in a rage, and swore by his teeth as well as his tail, that Master Rabbit should die. So he ran on fast, and he howled as he went:—

“Oh! how I hate him!
How I despise him!
How I laugh at him!
Oh! may I scalp him!”

Well, he ran all that day, and when night came Master Rabbit heard Bad Wild Cat coming near. He had a little more time than before, so he trampled down a heap of snow, and strewed branches of trees about.

And when Bad Wild Cat got there he found a big Indian village, full of people going to and fro. The first person he met was a young man whose ears stood up like two handles of a pitcher.

“Have you seen a Rabbit running this way?” he asked the young man.

“Rabbits! Rabbits!” replied the young man. “Why, there are hundreds of them racing about the Cedar swamp near this place. You can get as many as you want.”

Just then the Chief of the village came up, and

he was very remarkable and grey, with a long lock standing up on either side of his head. He invited Bad Wild Cat to his wigwam, where his two beautiful daughters cooked a fine supper. And when Bad Wild Cat wished to sleep, they made him a couch of a White Bear's skin, and laid it before the fire. And so he went to sleep.

But, oh! how he raged when he woke in the morning, and found himself in a wet Cedar swamp, and his head cut by a stone! The wind was blowing ten times worse than before; and all around him were Rabbit tracks and broken branches.

Up he jumped, and swore by his tail, teeth, and claws, that he would be revenged. And he snarled as he went:—

“Oh! how I hate him!
How I despise him!
How I laugh at him!
Oh! may I scalp him!”

Well, Master Rabbit and Bad Wild Cat both ran hard. But Bad Wild Cat was tired and almost broken down with weariness and his head was sore. About noon he came to two good wig-

wams, and looking into one he saw an old grey-haired man with two long white feathers, one on either side of his head. And in the other wigwam was a young girl, his daughter.

They received Bad Wild Cat kindly, and when the old man saw his sore head, he said that he must get a Doctor at once, or Bad Wild Cat would die. So the old man hurried out, and left his daughter to feed the stranger.

When the Doctor came, he, too, was a grey old man, with a scalp-lock strangely divided like two horns. He looked so queer, and resembled a Rabbit so much, that Bad Wild Cat said, "How did you get that split nose?"

"That is very simple," said the Doctor. "Once I was hammering wampum beads, and the stone I beat them on broke in halves, and a piece flew up and split my nose."

"But," said Bad Wild Cat, "why are the soles of your feet yellow like a Rabbit's?"

"That is very simple," replied the Doctor. "Once I was preparing tobacco, and had to hold it down with my feet, for I needed both my hands to work with."

Then Bad Wild Cat was satisfied and did not suspect any more, and let the Doctor put cooling salve on his wound, and soon he felt better. Before the Doctor left, he placed a little pitcher of wine by Bad Wild Cat's side, so that he might refresh himself in the night. Then he departed, and Bad Wild Cat went to sleep.

But, oh! the wretchedness in the morning! For when Bad Wild Cat woke, he was lying in the deep snow. His head was swollen, and the horrid wound was stuffed with Hemlock needles and Pine splinters. And this was the cooling salve the Doctor had applied! As for the pitcher of wine, it was still left in the snow, just a little Pitcher Plant full of foul water.

Up jumped Bad Wild Cat, and he swore by his tail, teeth, claws, and eyes that he would be revenged. And he groaned as he went:—

“Oh! how I hate him!
How I despise him!
How I laugh at him!
Oh! may I scalp him!”

Well, by this time Master Rabbit's magic had almost given out, and he had just enough left for

one more trick. So coming to a lake, he picked up a chip, and threw it into the water, and it became a great ship such as white men build, and Master Rabbit was the captain.

And when Bad Wild Cat came up, he saw the ship with sails spread and banners flying. The captain stood on the deck with folded arms; while on either side of his cocked hat rose two points like grand and stately horns.

But Bad Wild Cat cried out, "I know you, Master Rabbit! You cannot escape me this time! I have you now!" And he leaped into the water, and swam toward the ship. Then the captain ordered his men to fire all the guns, and they did so with a bang.

And Bad Wild Cat was frightened almost to death! He swam back to the shore, and ran into the forest; and if he is not dead, he is running there still.

HOW THE FOUR WINDS WERE NAMED

(*Iroquois*)

WHEN the world was first made, says the old Iroquois Grandmother, Gaoh, the mighty Master of the Winds dwelt in his lodge in the Western Sky. So fierce was he and so strong that had he wandered freely through the heavens, he would have torn the world in pieces. So he stayed in the Western Sky, and, blowing a loud blast, summoned the creatures of Earth to ask them for help.

And when his call had ceased, and its thundering echoes had died away, Gaoh opened the north door of his lodge wide across the Sky. Immediately the thick snow fell, and a fierce wind tore around the lodge. And lo! there came lumbering up the Sky, Yaogah, the bulky Bear. Battling with the storm and growling loudly, the Bear took his place at Gaoh's north door.

"O Bear, you are strong," said Gaoh. "You can freeze the waters with your cold breath. In your broad arms you can carry the mad tempest,

and clasp the whole Earth when I bid you destroy. Therefore you shall live in the North, and watch my herd of Winter Winds when I let them loose upon the Earth. You shall be the North Wind. Enter your house."

And straightway the Bear bent his head, and Gaoh bound him with a leash, and placed him in the Northern Sky.

Then Gaoh trumpeted a shrill blast, and threw open the west door of his lodge, summoning the creatures. Clouds began to cover the Sky. An ugly darkness filled the world. Strange voices shrieked and snarled around the lodge. And with a noise like great claws tearing the heavens, Dajoji, the Panther, sprang to Gaoh's west door.

"O Panther, you are ugly and fierce," said Gaoh. "You can tear down the forests. You can carry the whirlwind on your strong back. You can toss the waves of the sea high into the air, and snarl at the tempests if they stray from my door. You shall be the West Wind. Enter your house."

And straightway the Panther bent his head, and Gaoh bound him with a leash, and placed him in the Western Sky.

Then Gaoh sent forth a sighing call, and threw open the east door of his lodge, summoning the creatures. There arose a sobbing and a moaning. The Sky shivered in the cold rain. The Earth lay in grey mist. There came a crackling sound like the noise of great horns crashing through forest trees, and Oyandone, the mighty Moose, stood stamping his hoofs at Gaoh's east door.

"O Moose," said Gaoh, "your breath blows the grey mist and sends down the cold rain upon the Earth. Your horns spread wide and can push back the trees of the forests to widen the paths for my storms. With your swift hoofs you can race with the winds. You shall be the East Wind. Enter your house."

And straightway the Moose bent his head, and Gaoh bound him with a leash, and placed him in the Eastern Sky.

Yet Gaoh was not content; for there remained still one door to open. He threw it wide to the south, and in gentle tones like sweetest music summoned the creatures. A caressing breeze stole through the lodge, and with it came the fragrance of a thousand sweet flowers, the soft call of bab-

bling brooks, and the voices of birds telling the secrets of Summer. And daintily lifting her feet, ran Neoga, the brown-eyed Fawn, and stood timidly waiting at Gaoh's south door.

"O gentle Fawn," said Gaoh, "you walk with the Summer Sun, and know its most beautiful paths. You are kind like the Sunbeam, and feed on dew and fragrance. You will rule my flock of Summer breezes in peace and joy. You shall be the South Wind. Enter your house."

And straightway the Fawn bent her head, and Gaoh bound her with a leash, and placed her in the Southern Sky.

And now, when the North Wind blows strong, the old Iroquois Grandmother says, "The Bear is prowling in the Sky." And if the West Wind snarls around the tent door, she says, "The Panther is whining." When the East Wind chills the tent with mist and rain, she says, "The Moose is spreading his breath." But when the South Wind caresses her cheek, and wafts soft voices and sweet odours through the tent, she smilingly says, "The Fawn is going home to her mother, the Doe."

LEGEND OF THE TRAILING ARBUTUS

(*Iroquois*)

MANY, many Moons ago, in the far Northern Land beside the Lakes, there lived an old man alone in his lodge. His locks were long, and white with Age and Frost. The fur of the Bear and the Beaver covered his body, but none too warmly, for the snow and ice were everywhere.

Over all the Earth was Winter. The North Wind rushed down the mountain-side, and shook the branches of trees and bushes as it searched for song-birds to chill to the heart. But all living creatures had crept into their holes, and even the bad Spirits had dug caves for themselves in the ice and snow.

Lonely and halting, the old man went out into the forest seeking wood for his fire. Only a few fagots could he find, and in despair he again sought his lodge. He laid the fagots on the fire, and soon they were burned; and he crouched over the dying embers.

The wind moaned in the tree-tops, and a sudden gust blew aside the skin of the Great Bear hanging before the door. And, lo, a beautiful maiden entered the lodge.

Her cheeks were red like the petals of Wild Roses. Her eyes were large and glowed like the eyes of the Fawn at night. Her hair was black like the wing of the Crow, and so long that it trailed upon the ground. Her hands were filled with Willow buds, and on her head was a crown of flowers. Her mantle was woven with sweet grasses and ferns, and her moccasins were white Lilies laced and embroidered with petals of Honeysuckles. When she breathed, the air of the lodge became fragrant and warmer, and the cold wind rushed back in affright.

The old man gazed on her in wonder. "My daughter," said he, "you are welcome to the poor shelter of my cheerless lodge! It is cold and desolate, for I have not wood enough to keep my fire burning! Come, sit beside me, and tell me who you are, that you wander like a Deer through the forest. Tell me also of your country and your people who gave you such beauty and

grace. Then I, who am the mighty Winter, will tell you of my great deeds."

The maiden smiled, and the sunlight streamed forth from the grey clouds and shot its warmth through the roof of the lodge. Then Winter filled his pipe of friendship, and when he had put it to his lips, he said:—

"I blow the breath from my nostrils and the waters of the rivers stand still, and the great waves of the lakes rest, and the murmurings of the streams die away in silence."

"You are great and strong," said the maiden, "and the waters know the touch of your breath. But I am loved by the birds, and when I smile the flowers spring up all over the forest, and the meadows are carpeted with green."

"I shake my locks," said Winter, "and, lo, the Earth is wrapped in a covering of snow!"

"I breathe into the air," said the maiden, "and the warm rains come, and the covering of snow vanishes like the darkness when the sun awakens and rises from its bed in the morning."

"I walk about," said Winter, "and the leaves die on the trees, and fall to the ground. The

birds desert their nests and fly away beyond the lakes. The animals hide themselves in their holes."

"Oh! great are you, Winter," said the maiden, "and your name is to be feared by all living things in the land! Cruel are you, Winter! More cruel and cunning than the tortures of the Red Men! Your strength is greater than the strength of the forest trees, for do you not rend them with powerful hands?

"But when I, the gentle maiden, walk forth, the trees burst into leaves, and the sweet birds build again their nests in the branches. The winds sing soft and pleasant music to the ears of the Red Man, while his wife and papooses sport in the warm sunshine near his wigwam."

As the maiden ceased speaking, the lodge became very warm and bright. But the boasting Winter heeded it not, for his head drooped upon his breast, and he slept. The maiden passed her hands above his head, and he grew smaller and smaller.

The bluebirds came and filled the trees about the lodge, and sang; and the rivers lifted their

waves and foamed and leaped along. Streams of water flowed from Winter's mouth, and he vanished away, while his garments turned into glistening leaves.

Then the maiden knelt upon the ground, and took from her bosom a cluster of delicate flowers, fragrant and rose-white. She hid them beneath the leaves, and breathing on them with love, whispered: —

“ I give you, O precious jewels, all my virtues and my sweetest breath. Men shall pluck you with bowed head and bended knee.”

Then she arose, and moved joyously over the plains, and among the hills, and through the valleys. The birds and the winds sang together, while the flowers everywhere lifted up their heads and greeted her with fragrance.

So always in the early Spring, wherever the maiden stepped, grows the Trailing Arbutus.

THE END

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